

6^d

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18 1950

6^d

PUNCH

JANUARY
18
1950

Vol. CCXVIII
No. 5695

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



*In achieving perfection
quality must be as consistent
in detail as in fundamentals*

ROLLS-ROYCE

are supplied with

CHAMPION

PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG CO., LTD.
FELTHAM · MIDDLESEX



Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
MEDIUM OR MILD

[ENC. 7117]

LEMCO

1865 - 1950
**The Original
Extract of BEEF**

One
pound of
LEMCO contains
the concentrated
juices of over
30 pounds of
prime beef.



AN OXO LIMITED PRODUCT



ROYAL BABIES

Every mother feels that nothing but the best is good enough for her baby, and she is right. During the early formative years the most important single factor is correct feeding. This is where, above everything else, a mother must insist on her baby's having the best, and nothing but the best. Baby must have in his daily bottle a full quota of fat, carbohydrates, proteins, minerals and vitamins, all in exactly the right proportions.

If natural feeding fails, the food in which these vital requirements are most perfectly met is COW & GATE Milk Food.

This food, which has become world famous as the "Food of Royal Babies," is prepared by a special process which provides all the essential constituents in the correct proportions for steady, starchy growth. It is also fortified by the addition of Vitamin D and iron.

Thousands of babies now grown up to perfect manhood and womanhood testify to the sure foundations of good health laid by this superlative food. Thousands still on the food have "That COW & GATE Look" of perfect health which should be every child's birthright.

We all know that a Royal Baby is bound to be given the best that is obtainable. Twelve Royal Babies to date have been fed on COW & GATE. Can you do better for your baby?

Have the lifelong happiness and satisfaction of knowing that your baby also had the best that money could buy, and the best possible start in life. Get a tin from your chemist to-day.

The new abridged Edition of "McFREDERSON" is now available. Send 6d. in stamps for your copy to Cow & Gate Ltd., Dept. P, Guildford, Surrey.

COW & GATE LTD.
GUILDFORD

4490

It's Magic!

It burns night and day without re-lighting. It provides for twenty or even thirty people. It roasts, it grills, it boils, it simmers—and all on the very minimum of fuel. It saves time, work, health and temper. It's the Wizard in the kitchen, the Advance Cooker No. 1. Write now for catalogue number 30 which tells you all about it.



Advance Cooker

EAGLE RANGE & GRATE CO. LTD. - ASTON - BIRMINGHAM - 4
WILSONS & MATHIESONS LTD. - ARMLEY - LEEDS - 11
PARK FOUNDRY CO. LTD. - BELPER - DERBYSHIRE

3807F



Chosen
by the connoisseur -

THE
H.M.V.
'MOLTON'
COFFEE
PERCOLATOR



This better-looking Percolator makes better coffee—that is why the 'Molton' appeals to those who know the value of good things. Artistry of design and a high standard of efficiency are superbly combined.

- Strong construction, with beautiful mirror-chrome finish for easy cleaning.
- Heat-resistant handle and base.
- Capacity equal to 9 standard-size coffee cups.
- Non-drip spout prevents stains.
- Safety device to break current if percolator is allowed to boil dry.
- AC/DC 200/210, 220/240 or 250 volts.
- This appliance carries the guarantee of the Good Housekeeping Institute.

H.M.V.

'Molton'
Coffee Percolator
PRICE £4.17.6

There are many other distinctive H.M.V. Household Appliances—write today for full details, or enquire at any leading electrical retailer.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.21

H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE DIVISION OF THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., NAYLOR, BIRMINGHAM

spun the special **LAVENDA** way
for unchanging
quality



...Into the land of beautiful dreams

Tired limbs, weary after a day's play, need every possible support if they are to awake refreshed. The LATAFOAM Mattress ensures restful sleep with its cozy luxury that moulds to the sleeper's form. Every movement causes the mattress silently to inhale and exhale, so maintaining a comfortable, even temperature.

Latafoam
LATEX FOAM MATTRESSES

FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
Obtainable from all departmental and furnishing stores everywhere



Did you **MACLEAN**
your teeth today?



Of course I did!

MACLEANS
Peroxide Tooth Paste
makes teeth
WHITE



WHAT makes Harpic such a joy to use is that it works overnight! And works quickly and thoroughly, too. Just sprinkle a little Harpic into the lavatory bowl last thing at night. In the morning, flush. Hey presto! The job's done!

Harpic sweeps right round that hidden S-bend at the back. Cleans... disinfects... deodorizes. Leaves the whole bowl glistening white!

HARPIC MADE SPECIALLY FOR
LAVATORY CLEANING

Beckitt and Sons, Hull and London

For
giving a
lasting
lustre to
furniture

See your furniture in a new light—
cleaned and brilliantly polished
by this outstandingly excellent

O-Cedar
WAX CREAM
CLEANS AS IT POLISHES



The Rayon you wear

A woman's clothes today rely more and more on rayon for their beauty and variety. Rayon has so many attractive uses, either by itself or with cotton, wool or silk. There is rayon in your dresses and your negligees, your swimsuits, beachwear and tailormades. Even in your shoes and hats, rayon can play an important part. The complete list is very long, and all the time it grows longer still, as increasingly the beauty of rayon becomes appreciated, and its versatility realised.

Courtaulds

THE GREATEST NAME
IN RAYON

Courtaulds Limited, 26 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.



From the Antarctic to Arcot, Dexters have made a distinguished name for themselves; they have met Shackleton's demands for endurance and Society's demands for style. Simply slip on one of our weather-proofs and you will understand at once why Dexter is so famous a name and wearing a Dexter so practical a pleasure.

As British as the weather — but reliable.

DEXTER
WEATHERPROOFS

Obtainable from Leading Outfitters Everywhere.

WALLACE, SCOTT & COMPANY LIMITED · LATHCART · GLASGOW

Henry Cotton

always
wears and recommends -

LOTUS



The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted during the stroke.

Anglespike Shoes for Golf

Invest with Security

2 $\frac{1}{4}$ % Share Interest

Income Tax paid by Society

Capital invested in the Society is non-fluctuating capital yielding a reasonable rate of interest to the investor. Since its incorporation in 1882 thousands of members and depositors have relied on the Society as the custodian of their savings. Individual investments are invited in sums of £25 to a maximum of £5,000. Withdrawals in full at any time on agreed notice being given.

Deposit Interest

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ % subject to one month's notice of withdrawal.

Assets exceed £6,000,000.

Reserves £300,000.

Open Accounts 16,000.

Write to-day for balance sheet and "Safe Investment" Booklet D.3.

Church of England

Temperance and General Permanent Benefit

Building Society

(Incorporated 1882)

HEAD OFFICE: 6 & 7, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Something just a little better—



Silwifix

controls the hair
without gumming

A *Silvikrin* product
concentrated for economy —
a touch is all you need to groom
your hair for the day.



Pommie
for Parties



Made by the Makers of Gaymer's Cyder

FAMOUS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

The majority of Britain's Fine Cars and Commercial Vehicles are Fitted with

BRAKES
DAMPERS
CHASSIS-
LUBRICATION

GIRLING

THE BEST FARMED IN THE WORLD

* Maintain the Factory standard of efficiency by always insisting on Genuine Girling Service Agents in Your District. Girling ask him for details of the District, Repairs Service, also for genuine Factory Lined Replaces.

THERE'S AN AUTHORISED GIRLING SERVICE AGENT IN YOUR DISTRICT

GIRLING LIMITED
KINGS ROAD-TYSELEY-BIRMINGHAM-11

For extra comfort



look to your laces



You'll see them in brand new boxes at your dealers... old friends in new dress!

PATON'S
shoe and boot
LACES

- have a pair spare

Wm Paton Ltd - Johnstone - Scotland

Meet the new **T.D. SERIES**

MG MIDGET

Here are some of the new features which give the new Midget greater comfort and easier handling: a wider body, sturdier general construction, wishbone type coil spring independent front suspension, piston type shock absorbers, and the latest Lockheed braking system. New optional extras include: concealed Radio (built into glove box), chrome plated luggage rack, twin spare wheel carrier, and 6" rear tyres and wheels.

- a 'plus' version of a world-wide success!



THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD., SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business - Haffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

Why not bind your National Geographic Magazines in permanent bindings which will enrich your bookshelves and add two fascinating volumes a year to your library? Attractive alternative binding styles are available with subject index for each complete volume. Hand for prices and illustrated pamphlets to the official binding Agents. Periodicals and Journals—all types bound in a range of permanent bindings. Prices on request.

DUNN & WILSON LTD.
DEPT. P.M., BELLEVUE BUILDING, FALKIRK,
SCOTLAND

Vent-Axia for Better Air Conditions



IN INDUSTRY
IN COMMERCE
IN THE HOME
IN AGRICULTURE

Simplest
form of controlled
ventilation



VENT-AXIA LTD. 9 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1
ADRES 118-9 Glasgow, Manchester, D'ham, Leeds.



MAKING RUBBER SERVE INDUSTRY

Mild Steel worn to tissue paper thickness in six months! Linatex V thick unaffected after 12 months and still on the job... because

LINATEX LIKES IT rough!



Linings for Chutes, Skips,
Gravel Washers, Pumps,
Tanks, Launderers, etc. Roller
Gaskets, Dust Covers, Roller
Coverings & Conveyor Idlers,
Anti-Vibration Mountings,
etc., etc.

Yes, Linatex is tough. Tough with a resilience that gives many times the life of mild steel. Wherever you look in Industry you'll find Linatex 95% pure natural rubber serving in all the roughest places... outlasting by years steel, white iron and other metals. It has a resistance that is incomparable where abrasive and corrosive materials are handled... a versatility that makes numberless its applications in industry.

LINATEX

95% PURE NATURAL RUBBER

OUR RESIDENT ENGINEER for your area will gladly call and discuss any problems with you.

WILKINSON RUBBER LINATEX LTD. BRIMLEY RD., CAMBERLEY, SURREY. Tel: CAMBERLEY 1595. Also in Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, U.S.A., Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Scandinavia, Malaya, etc. Also makers of the Linatex Rubber Ball Mill, the Linatex Pump, Linatex tank and pipe linings, the Linatex Safety Valve, and Flexatex Hose.



MAKE
MINE
MYERS

HERE is a simple
cocktail recipe which
will suit all occasions
and please every taste:



THE
MYERS
COCKTAIL

70° PROOF

3 parts 'Myers'
1 part Orange Squash
1 part Lime Cordial
Shake well with ice
Serve at once

THE
DARK & MELLOW
RUM

MATURED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

TO KILL WOODWORM USE RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID



If Woodworm is attacking your furniture and woodwork INJECT Rentokil Timber Fluid into the right holes. Save yourself ££s by getting the complete outfit. 19-6 (inc. Bus. bottle of Timber Fluid & Injector). Refills from 2/-.

AND TO PREVENT WOODWORM USE RENTOKIL FURNITURE CREAM

A brilliant glass AND protection against woodworm are the dual qualities of this famous cream—1/3 & 2/3 a bottle. If unable to obtain Rentokil products locally, send to:



Rentokil Ltd., Dept. P.U., School Lane, Fetcham, Leatherhead, Surrey.

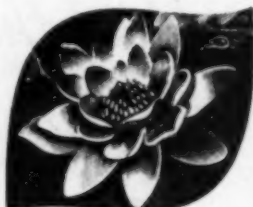
Your
car is not safe

unless it is frost-proofed with

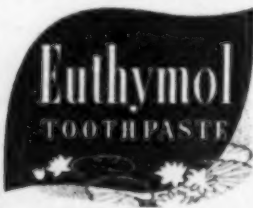
SMITHS

BLUECOL

the SAFE
anti-freeze



For
Morning
Freshness



Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

* Ask your Garage today for details of SMITHS 'WINTER PROOF' SERVICE

"Glad you like this sherry —it's South African"

It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day . . .

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference?

Well, this is a truly representative South African wine. You see, though the Cape has been for centuries one of the world's finest wine countries, it couldn't compete in Britain with European countries until Empire wines got a day's preference twenty years ago. That bucked up the South African industry.

But why haven't we tasted such wines before?

Because really fine wines are achieved by selectivity, experiment and slow maturing. South Africa has done as much in twenty years with some wines as the Continent has in generations.

Only certain wines, then?

So far. All are good, but not all are fine. The improvement is naturally progressive.

Were South African wines well-known here before the preference twenty years ago?

Now you're delving into history. They used to be very popular. But in 1860 Mr. Gladstone removed the Colonial Preference and sent the South African wine industry into the wilderness.

Is that likely to happen again?

I hope not. Imperial Preference has encouraged the South African wine growers to tremendous efforts. The British Government is not likely to lead such an important Empire Industry up the garden again. It wouldn't make sense.

So we can look forward to several kinds of really fine wines from South Africa?

You certainly can, and very soon, too."

**SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS
ASSOCIATION**
(LONDON) LIMITED



WHILE IN LONDON

visit the

WILLIAM PAGE ★ PERMANENT ★ CATERING EXHIBITION



Everything for the catering industry under one roof. Large stocks. Immediate delivery.

WILLIAM PAGE & COMPANY LIMITED

87-91 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE · LONDON, W.1 · GERRARD

Quality has made Ovaltine the World's "Best Seller"

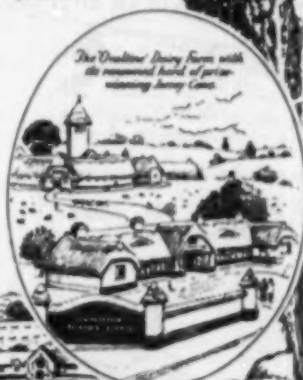
THE world-wide success of 'Ovaltine' is due to the following facts:—

- ★ 'Ovaltine' provides special health-giving nourishment of the highest quality at the lowest possible price.
- ★ All the benefits of production on a large scale have been passed on to the public in the present low prices.
- ★ Considering its exceptional quality, 'Ovaltine' is the most economical food beverage you can buy.

'Ovaltine' is prepared from Nature's best foods, and products of the famous 'Ovaltine' Farms set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. Eggs are very important because they provide valuable food elements which help to make 'Ovaltine' outstanding in its all-round nutritive qualities.

From every point of view 'Ovaltine' is a food beverage of exceptional value for reinforcing resistance to winter ill— for helping to maintain body, brain and nerves at the highest efficiency. It is also the World's best night-cap for promoting peaceful, refreshing sleep.

The Ovaltine Egg Farm
extending over 400 acres and with
accommodation for 100,000 birds



A. Wander Ltd.
By Appointment, Ovaltine
Manufacturers to H.M. The King

THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE

There is no substitute for
OVALTINE
It stands in a class by itself

P743A



If you lift, handle or load by manpower you are wasting time and money. Like to know how AABACAS can save precious minutes between operations? Send for folder D.49/75.

AABACAS ENGINEERING CO. LTD.
Birkenhead, England

THE WERLEY M. III AIR RIFLE



WE RIFLE FOR ACCURATE SHOOTING. Rooks, Rabbits, Rabbits, Sparrows, and similar vermin can be destroyed by this extremely accurate and powerful Air Rifle. Ideal for Target Practice.

I BELIEVE YOU LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S MORE THAN ME!



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

**MURRAY'S
MELLOW MIXTURE**

4/1d. an ounce

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos have been skillfully blended for over 130 years

**COGNAC
BISQUIT**

A Rare Compliment to your Palate

BISQUIT DUBOUCHE & CO COGNAC

Established 1825



Assets £65,000,000

**There is
no Better Safeguard
against the catastrophe of the
head of the family's death than
a Standard**

Family Income Policy

for particulars, write to

**The
Standard Life
Assurance Company**

Head Office: 3 George Street • Edinburgh

London Office: 3 Abchurch Yard, Cannon Street, E.C.4
15a Pall Mall, S.W.1

NO KNOTTY PROBLEMS



Reef, grannie or midshipman's hitch . . . whatever the knot, it's unsightly, worn on the finger—and a trick to tie single handed. In fact, Prestoband, which has the knack of doing without knots, definitely has something. Moreover, it leaves no "mess" on removal.

PRESTOBAND

THE ANTISEPTIC SELF-ADHESIVE BANDAGE—IN 1 WIDTH, IN. 3/4 & 1 1/2 sticks to itself—but not to the skin!

Made by Harnett & Panton. (Incorporated by Harnett & Panton Ltd. London, E.C.1)

IT WILL PAY YOU TO USE

**Ropes
by
TERRELL**

THE BRISTOL MAKERS
Established for Nearly 200 Years

ROPE • CORDS & TWINES
FOR ALL PURPOSES

Made in BRISTOL by

WM TERRELL & SONS LTD.

ARNO'S VALE • BRISTOL 4

TELEPHONE 76814

Now that you can get

NOVIO

you will find it better value
than any other Toilet Paper.



**The World's
Best-Known
EMBROCATION**

Enjoying universal favour for a hundred years. Elliman's continues to grow in popularity, and is undoubtedly the World's best known Embrocation. It has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, STIFFNESS

**RUB IN
ELLIMAN'S**



**(RUB OUT
PAIN)**

NATURE'S WAY: Rubbing eases Pain. Rubbing with ELLIMAN'S removes it!



January calls for **PINN'S No.1**

Because Janus was a two-headed god, his name was given to this month, when one looks back wistfully at the year that's gone, and forward hopefully to the Pimm's to come. (What a lucky god that fellow is, to be able to enjoy two Pimm's at once!)

We make Pimm's from suave London Gin and continental liquors. You add lemonade, ice and borage—the cordial herb that makes Pimm's even more scintillating.



THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH

David Cope's Gallery
OF FAMOUS 'CHASERS

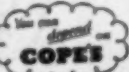
POETHLYN
(1919)
b. g. by
Rydal Head —
Five Champions

POETHLYN had the distinction of winning the Grand National twice, the second time carrying 12st. to equal the performance of Manifesto. Poethlyn's two races were the 1918 War National at Gatwick and the Aintree Grand National in 1919. Poethlyn won all his nine races in these two years, including two Lancashire 'Chases at Manchester. He was ridden by E. Figgott (Grand National 1913, 1918, 1919) in most of his successful races.

The continuing tradition of the British Turf has its counterpart in the unbroken service which has been offered to sportsmen by David Cope Ltd., for more than half a century. Our free, illustrated brochure describes that service.

DAVID COPE LTD., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"



Achievements of an Industry

Genius for invention is inherent in the British people. In a previous series of announcements — "Ancestors of an Industry" — I.C.I. told the story of Britain's scientific pioneers from A.D. 1144.

The present series is designed to describe some recent British chemical achievements, many of which have been the genesis of new products and processes which have given fresh vigour to the nation's industry.

Such achievements have been sometimes the brilliant discoveries of inspired individuals, but are more often the work of teams of research chemists co-operating on a given task and working to a set plan. The announcements in this series are proof — if proof were needed — that the British spirit of initiative and enterprise is still alive.



By Appointment
MOTOR MOWER
MANUFACTURERS
CHARLES H. PUGH LTD

ATCO SERVICE

New Boys and Old Boys

Large numbers of garden lovers will soon be enjoying the ease and precision of ATCO lawns mowing for the first time. As any veteran ATCO owner can tell them they have another pleasant experience before them — the smoothly efficient willing Service that will nurse their machine throughout its life. As all "old boys" know, now is the time for ATCO Service to come to the aid of all good Atcos. Will owners please contact their nearest ATCO Depot?

ATCO MOTOR MOWERS • ATCOMCYTHES
ATCO BOATIMPELLERS
ATCO ACCESSORIES • ATCO SERVICE

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD.
Whitworth Works, Birmingham, 9

NOWADAYS you need the BEEF



in BOVRIL

Hot Bovril! It's like a huge delighted grin spreading all over you. It's like the very essence of beefy cheerfulness flooding your veins. Bovril's beefiness gives you such a glow of well-being that the battered old world seems a warmer and friendlier place.

art 414

The Gateway to Winter Sports

WHEN you turn your back on winter glooms with the expectation of clear, sparkling air and the Alpine snows ahead... go by British Railways.

The 9 o'clock service from Victoria allows time for a meal in Paris before joining the night train for the French or Italian Alps, which you reach next morning.

For the Swiss winter sport centres there are through Sleeping Car trains from Calais, the service leaving London at 1.0 p.m., arriving beside the snow slopes next day. On the way back celebrate a marvellous holiday with a break in Paris. The Golden Arrow leaves for London at 12.20 p.m.

Travel LONDON-CONTINENT by

For tickets, reservations, etc., apply Continental Enquiry Office, VICTORIA STATION, London, S.W.1, or principal Travel Agencies.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Gordon's

ORANGE GIN • LEMON GIN

delicious!

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

32/- 16/9
PER BOTTLE HALF BOTTLE
U.K. ONLY



The Perfect Pair



CHARIVARIA

A householder was recently charged with robbing his gas-meter. His offer to make up the loss with some of his Government stock was coldly ignored.

What to Do with Your Old Octopus

"EXPERIENCED WATERPROOF GARMENT MAKER WANTED WITH 4 TO 6 HANDS."
Manchester "Evening Chronicle"

The nesting habits of the African palm-swift have recently come under investigation. This bird builds its nest with the entrance at the bottom. Consequently its eggs have to be glued to the sides with a sticky secretion, and the mother then sits on them by holding firmly on to the walls of the nest with her toes. This explains why cuckoos migrate.

Snow Plough Ahead

"Towards the end of their fortnight's stay in Switzerland these young ski-ing enthusiasts will sit for an examination to test their skill."
"Daily Telegraph"

Communism, a Liverpool speaker told his audience, is essentially sound. And, of course, fury.

A correspondent in a weekly paper says the worst ten minutes he ever had was trying to fasten the back of a Victorian dress his wife wore to a ball. There must have been a catch somewhere.

Married women, a judge declared recently, should realize that it does not pay to keep a diary. Mrs. Dale is reported to be unmoved.

We feel deeply for Joseph Morebay of Badili, Papua, who wrote to the officer in charge of native labour at Port Moresby as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Herewith an information correlative to the nature of my feelings.

The office which I am located too, comprises a very unfortunate life. The office is not too delicious and the work is not delightful.

Please I wish to advise, 'Is there any available office where I could be forced into.'

There may be. But please we wish to advise that Papua is not the only place where people have to do work that is not delightful in an office not too delicious.

To emphasize the gravity of the present situation the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* is reported to have changed its front-page drawing so that the clock-hands point to "three minutes to zero hour," instead of eight minutes to as formerly. We shall be interested to see what happens when Summer Time comes in.



RELATIVELY UNIMPORTANT

WE either have or have not arrived at the middle of the century, according to which newspaper one reads. As a member of the conservative school that frowns on the applauding of a century when but ninety-nine completed runs have appeared on the scoreboard I hold that we have not. However, I am prepared to accord a just respect to those who think otherwise. The point I wish to make is that even a Semicentennial Souvenir Number is apparently a matter of relativity and that this lends a certain added significance to the latest Einstein pronouncement.

My readers will have had ample time by now to study and appraise the Master's Generalized Gravitational Theory and to realize, at any rate in a generalized way, its implications for themselves. I therefore feel it unnecessary to discuss the theory in any very great detail. If I understand the thing correctly—a laughable improbability—it all boils down to a matter of four very simple equations, the right-hand side of each being nought. This might seem to imply a defeatist, even nihilist, conclusion. Not so. The professor has not spent thirty years alone with a roll of newsprint and a pencil-sharpener in a single-minded effort to prove that he was wasting his time. What he has discovered is a law that will account not for nothing but for everything. (If it turns out to be a good law, that is.)

When I was at school I was taught, as were others, that parallel straight lines, however far you produce them in either direction, will never meet. It is a good many years now since Professor Einstein demonstrated that this is not so, but the canard still persists. The fact is that parallel lines will not meet if produced as far as Asia Minor—or it may be a little farther: I speak without the book—but that in outer space they not only meet; they cross-garter themselves and come back to Paddington or wherever it was they started from. Terrestrial mathematics—let's face it—are absolutely no use in dealing with the infinitely large.

At the other end of the scale (if you can imagine an infinite scale with two ends) it seems that an atom consists of a number of electrons whizzing in orbits about a nucleus. Sometimes, as a result of heat—or as a cause of heat; I am not clear on this—an electron will shift from one orbit into another not merely swiftly, or even suddenly, but *instantaneously*. In fact an electron can be in two places at once, and is, and it is not a bit of use for disciples of Sir Boyle Roche to try to prove that it must therefore be a bird of the air. The fact is that stop-watches are worthless and all the algebra in the world breaks down when it comes to dealing with the infinitely small. I believe that even Einstein's Relativity Theory

boggles at this, but it seems that only five men in England understand that, of whom I do not claim to be one.

Apparently the new theory accounts for all these things, the infinitely large, the large, the sizable and the infinitely small. For everything, in fact. But they say it will be another fifty years before it is proved either right or wrong, and I find this disappointing. I do not feel that I can conveniently wait so long for the explanation of a workaday puzzle that may or may not be understood by even as many as five. I refer to the famous Unfillability Paradox of Holes in the Ground, and will give an example of what I mean.

Recently I had occasion to sink a fence-post in the ground. I dug a hole in the hard earth. I inserted one end of the post, producing the other end through the vertical in the direction of outer space. I then replaced the earth, or spoil, tamping it down firmly at intervals. You know what happened, I am sure. There was not enough earth to fill the hole. THERE NEVER IS. Dig a hole and you never have enough earth, packed tight, to fill it up again, even with a four-by-four fence-post to eke it out. If anyone doubts my words he is welcome to come down here and dig in my hole. I will wager a galaxy to a neutron that he will find it less tightly packed and easier to dig, yet lower, than the surrounding ground.

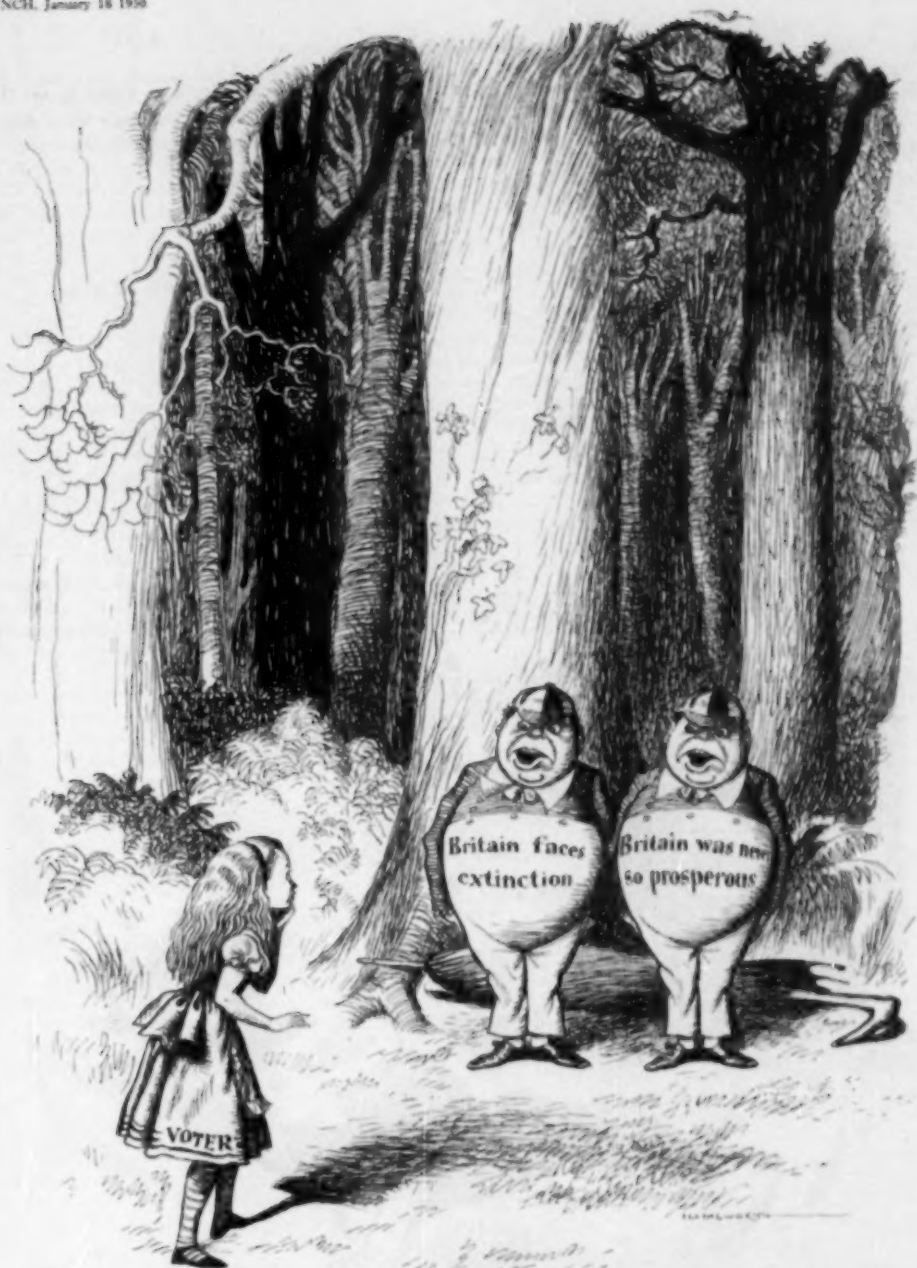
I incline respectfully to the view, therefore, that the Einstein approach may be just the thing for mathematical persons, heating engineers, cosmologists and such, but that for the ordinary chap what is wanted is a simple equation or two that will cover, in a generalized way, such baffling phenomena as centuries and holes in the ground.



"I only asked it to work out its own P.A.Y.E."

"The Canadian Tourist Association was told to-day that current coal and steel strikes in the United States may wreck the Dominion's 1950 hours program."—Canadian paper.

And then how can they amuse the tourists?



THE VOTER IN WONDERLAND

I. OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

PENUMBRA

AN angel stooped but yesterday:
 Ere I had time to shield my sight
 The shadow of his wing fell grey
 Between all colour
 And the light.

In the penumbra
 Of his wing
 A pearly gum my gaze doth clog.
 Vague shapes to which dim meanings
 cling
 Move in a glow-illuminated fog.

I wove from Beauty's sudden gleams
 A stuff more rare than cloth of gold;
 The changing pattern of my dreams
 Which should endure when I grew old.

Said I at first:
 "My inward eye

Shall blaze with such an angry flame
 That, burning through the day's black sky,
 I will search out that angel's name.

I will appeal
 Against the shade
 Of darkness:
 Lord, it is not just."
 The Angel's voice this answer made,
 "Be silent,
 Noisy grain of dust,

For that which is
 From that which seems
 The Shade

Canst tell by mortal sight?
 Is not thy shining cloth of dreams
 More splendid still against the night?
 The shadow of my wing may lift—
 And dazzle thee with too much light!"

R. C. SCRIVEN



"What was wireless, Mummy?"

194

"EVERY new decade may be said to have its teething troubles," reflected Mr. ppending, at his desk in Whitehall. He rang the bell for N. Broom, his assistant.

"I have read your report about our forms, Broom," he said. "You think they should all be subjected to a slight revision, which you specify, and that they should be re-issued, existing stocks being destroyed."

"That is so, Mr. ppending," said Broom. "I think it important that the public should not have to make avoidable deletions when completing forms for which as tax-payers they pay. They are petty deletions but there are many of them. From Long Tom, the double-foolscap buff job for completion by those desirous of planting sycamore trees in tubs on rafts the property of the Tadpole Conservancy and Water Lily Amenity Commission, to Little Flimsy, the stamp-sized Brick Dust Allocation Chit, this department is responsible for no fewer than four thousand seven hundred and sixty-three different kinds of form."

"All the same, Broom, I think that you lay too little emphasis upon the waste which must inevitably follow upon the approval of your proposal. We have two and a quarter million unused forms. To condemn this vast stock of soundly-designed formage would be dangerously uneconomical."

Broom having bowed and left the room, ppending sent for the 1939, the 1929, the 1919 and the 1909 files on the subject, hesitating for a moment before deciding that the 1899 file was not entirely a relevant precedent. He then wrote a note to the Under Secretary, suggesting the issue of a memorandum warning all departments of the existence of the problem, but offering no specific guidance. This, as the files showed, was what had been done early in 1910, 1920, 1930 and 1940.

The Under Secretary's name was O. U. P. Greats. He dictated a letter into a small machine supplied for the purpose to Under-Secretaries and their peers.

"My dear ppending," he said, "two small p's and you'll find his initials in your little book. There is as you say an urgent need for economy and I must agree with you that Broom's laudable desire to save the public from having to delete a digit some two and a quarter million times during the early years of the forthcoming decade would be unlikely to receive the approval of our lords and masters. Pop commas into that sentence if you think it needs casing. I do. New paragraph. With regard to your own proposal my view is that the memoranda of 1910, 1920, 1930 and 1940 closed the stable-door after the horses of those decades had gone; and that the

memorandum which you now propose would again but close the door of an empty stable. New paragraph. We might however look just a little silly if we let it happen again. I suggest we meet for lunch early in 1957 and put our heads together. By allowing ourselves three years it should be possible to revise forms unsuitable for the 'sixties of this century without wasting stocks suitable only for the 'fifties. Then would be the time for a memorandum. It might say that when indicating on our forms the space for the date, '19 ' should be printed, not '195 .'. Please make a note about that lunch in the long-term diary."





FULLY LICENSED ELVES

WHEN a pixie slides down a moonbeam and, alighting briskly on a stage toadstool, begins to unpack her spells I dare say it has never occurred to you to wonder if her licence is in order, as you might if she were a taxicab or a wire-haired terrier. "Licensed to ply as a hobgoblin!" I can hear you shout angrily. "Don't be absurd!" I admit it sounds just the kind of human tactlessness calculated to frighten all the little people out of every magic ring in Shaftesbury Avenue, and I heard of it myself with horror. Yet it's true. Not a single sprite trips our stage (unless she is fifteen or over, in which case she is getting a trifle elderly for the job) who hasn't a licence in her pocket, signed by a nice avuncular gentleman, and made out, with a great many "ifs" and "mustn'ts," for a brief three months.

When I began to look into the private life of the panto child, about which I knew as little as I expect you do, this was my first surprise. I discovered that cotton-mills and coal-mines were not the only places where high-thinking Victorians were

careless about children. The theatre gave a grand chance for exploitation. A manager would come to Mrs. Silly, who might be poor or ambitious or merely tired of being a mother, and say: "Look here, that little Freddy of yours. There's big money in the lad. Let me take him on tour for a year and we'll see how he shapes"; and off would go Freddy, who was six perhaps, to trail up and down the dingier parts of England at everybody's beck and call, bolting indigestible meals, sleeping with ten

others in a stuffy attic, and being stood double gins by the leading lady on Saturday nights. In the end Parliament got round to all this, and in 1889 the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act contained the revolutionary provision that no child should appear on the stage until it was seven. One can imagine the growls of "Pampering!" that must have rumbled through Clubland. But people who knew continued to agitate, until in 1933 the Children's and Young Persons' Act settled the rules now applied by each local authority. These are severe, and very rightly so. To appear on the stage a child must be twelve, and until it is fifteen (the school-leaving age) must have four hours of ordinary lessons every day during the school terms. A medical board and a school report precede the issue of a licence. Touring is strictly limited, and pains have been taken to ensure supervision, good food, exercise and, indeed, everything that could possibly occur to the most conscientious parent. Even hot milk in the



evening, when on tour, is officially recommended by the L.C.C., which takes care of London children. Can an elf have its licence endorsed, some may ask? Last year the L.C.C. swooped on a child that had slipped its leash and gone home unescorted.

A fantastic anomaly, however, leaves film children uncontrolled. The only law applying to them is the industrial code that restricts the activities of paper-boys, and since few children are concerned, and the maximum fine is about the cost of a director's lunch, authority winks at them unwillingly. But it may not wink much longer, as a Home Office committee is now in action.

Not only are elves licensed, but also the official matrons who look after them in the ratio of one to ten. At the Cambridge Theatre, in a dressing-room where four charming little girls were making up for *Christmas Party*, I ran one of these courageous ladies to earth, and found she was the children's authoress, Miss Joan Selby-Lowndes. It was plain to see that her relations with her charges were those of the nicest sort of favourite aunt. The dressing-room laughed heartily to hear of Mr. Punch's interest. Miss Selby-Lowndes told me she was responsible for her ten children all the time they were at the theatre.

"Their day! Well, during the Christmas run they do nine shows a week. On two-show days they arrive an hour before curtain-time, with suitcases bulging with sandwiches, make-up, spare clothes and sweets. They spend the hour gossiping, losing their dresses, eating tangerines, throwing cotton swabs at each other, and getting ready. While they're on the stage I'm in the wings. As soon as the first show is over

there's a mad scramble—children aren't allowed in the streets in make-up—and we all dash out to lunch some way away for the sake of fresh air. Then back to the theatre again, very short of time. After the second show they have to be cleaned up and properly dressed, and met at the stage door by some accredited adult. *Do they enjoy it? Look at them!*"

There wasn't a shadow of doubt. . . .

On the stage at the Comedy Mr. Punch's Artist and I watched a rehearsal of *Where the Rainbow Ends*. Everything was very friendly, but the children's keenness showed in their eyes. In a corner the lion was practising enormous growls, but broke off hospitably to show me the spring in his mouth, of which he seemed justly proud. "I suppose you find all this rather fun?" I asked a fairy balancing on two toes. It was a frightfully silly question.

"Do gnomes get chilblains?" I inquired of Miss Ruby Hilary, looking at their bare feet. Apparently never. Miss Hilary is a director of the Italia Conti School, one of the leading ones to train stage children, and she told me how she herself had saved enough between the ages of ten and fourteen to see her through the rest of her training. This is an interesting point. At least one third of each child's salary is compulsorily banked. . . .

Having thus been made generously free of fairyland to-day, I wanted to hear about the past. Miss Phyllis Dare, who made her first appearance in "The Babes" when she was only nine, very graphically described the terrible silence with which she was met when she returned to school. Even the

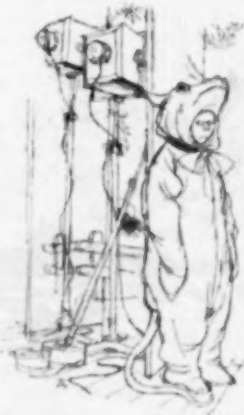


mistress treated her with awe, and most of her lessons passed pleasantly in signing autographs. Her mother generally went with her to the theatre, a stern critic in the wings. During long runs a governess took over, and showed her London between performances. She said she loved every minute of her early adventures.

And so did Miss Nova Pilbeam, the first young actress (she was just sixteen) to play *Peter Pan*. When I asked her how she began she told me that one night, during the run of A.P.H.'s *Tantivy Towers*, Nigel Playfair, short of a child, said to her father, who was his manager, "You've got a daughter. Can she speak?" At the time she was only eleven, but she dodged the licence by not being paid, Playfair giving her instead the make-up box she still uses. She claimed that a child gets sharper pleasure from acting than a grown-up, because it can lose itself utterly, undisturbed by professional worries. Before she could fly in *Peter Pan* she had to do circuits and bumps like any other young pilot. But even when you get your wings accidents happen. On one occasion—she shuddered to remember it—he failed to make the Darlings's mantelpiece. . . .

Are stage children precocious? Perhaps a little. But their manners are beautiful and their poise is genuine and unaffected. As for education, well, life is education, and of that they get a fine fat slice.

ERIC KROWS



AT THE PICTURES

Task Force—Gigi

THE effectiveness of *Task Force* (Director: DELMER DAVES) is terrific. There has seldom been anything to touch the excitement and the wild visual splendour of some of the grand-scale air-sea battle scenes. These, or something very like them, have been seen before, in such war-time documentaries as *The Fighting Lady*; they are authentic colour photographs taken in action, and it says much for the skill and care of the director that their unparalleled magnificence makes a true climax

person (I mean we are actually there on the fatal day; many films have given us the effect of the radio reports as they came in to places on the mainland, but the impact of the occasion is powerfully increased here), and we are back in the atmosphere of a war film. It is all spectacularly well done, and the studio sequences linking the authentic battle pictures are dovetailed in smoothly. No one can help finding these authentic scenes the most impressive and memorable part of the film, but as a whole it is a most creditable example of the sort of thing Hollywood does best.

I have already observed that *Gigi* (Director: JACQUELINE AUDRY) is a trivial piece as French films go; it is, in fact, an empty little story by COLETTE about an innocent young girl's social education at the hands of two elderly and cynical women relatives in the Paris of 1900. It is not at all elevating, though a radiant ending contrives that all shall be well for innocence, and the dialogue (I won't pretend to have grasped all of it) has been pertinaciously spiced with "naughty" remarks; but it is full of period curiosities and quite amusing in its mannered way, and in the part of the fifteen-year-old heroine appears a charming newcomer, DANIELLE

DELARME. All round her are experienced players—GABY MORLAY as the more worldly of the two old ladies, JEAN TISSEER as every comedian's dream of an elderly Paris roué—and she certainly doesn't get much help from the general tone of the picture, which has no delicacy of touch whatever. In spite of this she succeeds in making the right sort of impression.

The detail here is not so satisfying as is usual in French films, because too often the aim is not so much to convince and please by verisimilitude as to amuse by the quaintness of fifty years ago. Nor are the subsidiary characters, or any of the characters, given any depth; they are essentially types, presented simply for the sake of the comic incidents in which they are involved and the smart things they say. The film is in fact a trifle, but an entertaining one.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Bicycle Thieves (11/1/50) remains the best film for miles around; and *The Third Man* (14/9/49) is still to be found in London.

The latest releases include nothing to compare with either of these, but *East of the Rising Sun* (21/12/49) is first-rate entertainment, thrilling, full of crisp well-written dialogue, and played with great expertness; and *After Midnight* (4/1/50) is a good example of an Alan Ladd action-and-pursuit picture.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Gigi]

Portrait of a Roué

Honoré Lachaille-Barfleur—JEAN TISSEER

to this "fictionized" biography without suggesting that they were grafted on, without striking a note in an uncomfortably different key. The biography is of a U.S.N. rear-admiral (GARY COOPER) who at the start of the picture is leaving his ship to go into retirement; the highlights of his life from 1921 onwards are thereafter seen in flashback. He was a pioneer of naval aviation. Since 1921, when he was among those who learned to land a plane on the sixty-five-foot deck of the first makeshift aircraft-carrier, he has been in perpetual conflict with "battleship admirals" sceptical of the carrier's usefulness and isolationist politicians who doubt even the need for a navy. The first half of the picture establishes this situation. Then comes Pearl Harbour, in



"Intruder"

Jonathan L. Scott—GARY COOPER

Mary Morgan—JANE WYATT

[Task Force]

ELSINORE—THE FACTS

ONE place where guesses about a possible Fortinbras offensive ("Norway, Denmark Face Flare-Up," Oct. 23rd) were not making many headlines last month was, unexpectedly, right inside this latest Baltic trouble-zone, where a royal drama with all the makings of a first-class whodunit looked like holding attention against anything short of a full-scale military breakthrough.

Even to casual observers something more than ordinarily rotten had been obvious in the pocket-sized state of Denmark (capital, Elsinore) ever since official hand-outs on the death from "snake-bite" ("Mystery Shrouds Royal Funeral," Nov. 6th) of reigning monarch Hamlet I had named younger and so far little-known brother Claudius as new ruler.

Delicate, to say the least, was the position of Denmark's most eligible bachelor, inky-cloaked, Wittenburg-educated Prince Hamlet, only child of the late king and, by our standards, himself next-in-line for the far-from-enviable throne up in draughty Elsinore Castle.

To one and a half million broad-minded Danes a speedy match between Claudius and young, popular, royal widow Gertrude had seemed at first no cause for more than the minimum of mild eyebrow-lifting. Interest perked up considerably, though, after an upper-crust Elsinore audience had watched the performance, reportedly Hamlet-sponsored, of an otherwise run-of-the-mill spine-chiller, "Murder of Gonzago," which seems to have done more than just hint at something very different from the official snake-bite story—even (according to eye-witnesses) pointing an accusing finger at Claudius in person.

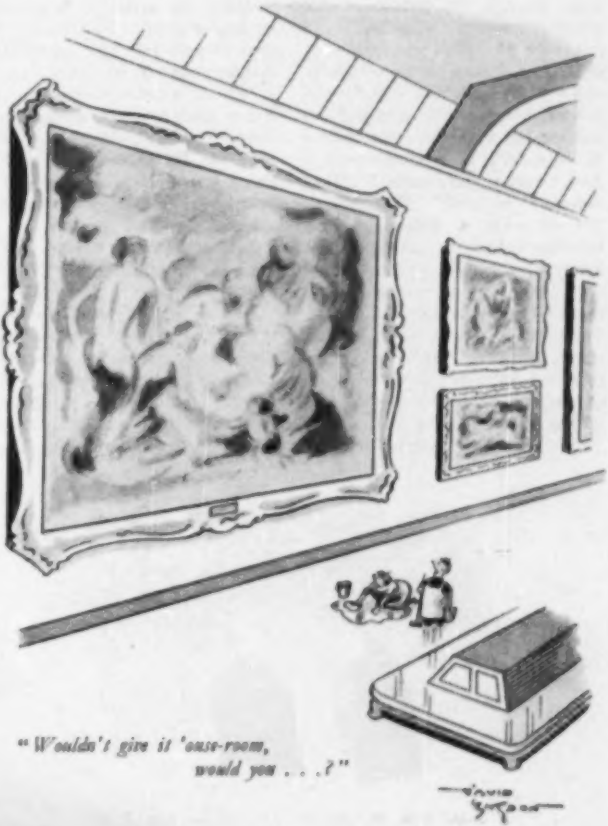
Typical of the rumours circulating among superstitious Danes as undercover speculation grew to nationwide proportions was a report of the late king's spectral appearance to son and friends during routine defence check-up out on high, gloomy royal palace battlements: an interview slyly dated, however, as during large-scale

junketings following the royal wedding. Plausible or not, the story could undoubtedly come in useful should the prince ever feel like having Elsinore's two-dozen rusty cannon salute him as Hamlet II of Denmark.

Of almost greater interest to romantically-minded Danes was what looked like a sudden cooling-off between the saturnine prince and Ophelia ("Blue-Birds Over Elsinore," Oct. 2nd), teen-age daughter of proxy, bakish, friend-of-the-family, Chancellor Polonius—reason, almost certainly the latter's cagy, ear-to-the-ground disposition, with Hamlet now widely tagged as probable anti-Claudius element number one.

Whether Denmark was in fact due for an internal showdown was still in doubt as Elsinore learnt of the hurried departure, officially for a Paris vacation, of Laertes, play-boy son of Polonius and intimate of Hamlet. With the Norway threat imminent and the attitude of Poland anybody's guess, chances were that for the moment Claudius would play a waiting game in palace politics. In court circles Hamlet (who is described as knowing a hawk from a hand-saw) was considered not the man to take arms against what could easily be a sea of troubles without studying all the angles.

(Copyright, Rosencrantz-Guildenstern Service)



TO FACE PAGE . . .

WHY don't they illustrate books these days?

Once upon a time no novel, no long poem, was complete without its pictures, dusky things in shades of pale cocoa on highly glazed paper; and sometimes even a coloured frontispiece was included. How we loved them! What atmosphere and piquancy they added to the story, conveying to the casual eye a vision of excitements and dramatic incidents, tense and terrifying moments in the unfolding of the plot! "Angeline!" *Rupert exclaimed.* To face page 136. (Tall young man with wispy moustache in Norfolk cycling suit, back view of young female with abundant hair, rudimentary bustle, and sweeping train, grand piano with large pot plant on it.) Or perhaps, "No, Edwin," murmured *Charlotte.* To face page 87. (Tall young man in frock coat, young female with very small waist clutching heavily upholstered bosom with one hand and holding fan with the other, parrot in cage left, in a conservatory.) And, a very popular scene, "Alice! Beloved!" he cried. To face page 194, showing a distraught man kneeling by bedside in sombre room, lovely face framed by long tresses on pillow, obvious doctor slightly turned away in background. Sometimes the title would be "Oh, speak, speak!" and the more powerful writers favoured "He covered his face with his hands," with a picture making him do so.

Good as these were in their way

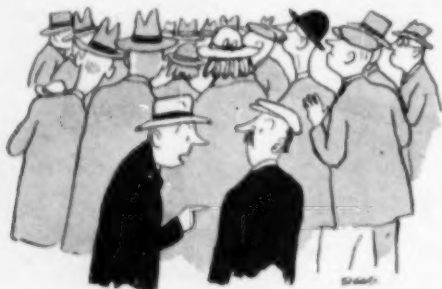
they were surpassed by the scenes the artists gave us in the books by Anthony Hope and F. Marion Crawford. Indeed, an artist who could fail with such material would have been drummed out of the Royal Academy with brushes reversed and palette knives broken. The scenes emerge vividly from the mists of memory . . . dense, dark forests of towering pines, Gothic turrets on awesome crags, vertiginous roads clinging to cliffs overhanging raging torrents, foresters and huntsmen, curly-moustached counts, jolly peasants quaffing wine from lidded tankards. A frontispiece in stark black-and-white would show a snow-covered road through the *Wald*, and stars above the tops of the trees; in the foreground, racing towards the artist, a britzka, or troika, or sleigh (what matter the type of vehicle? The names are a delight), drawn at the gallop by a pair of mettlesome horses with flying manes, wide nostrils, and frantic eyes; beside the bushy-bearded driver sat the terrified Princess Hildegard, smothered in bearskins, hands clasped in anguish; astern, dim and sinister in the shadows, wolves, or humars, or perhaps a pair of barons. "Hasten, Ivan, oh, hasten!" Page 285.

Those indeed were the days; there was never any spineless nonsense about social security in Ruritania or Cravonia, especially for the aristocracy.

Conan Doyle was finely treated by the artists; Brigadier Gerard

galloped gallantly across many a page of the old *Strand* volumes, and the whole world knew the features of Sherlock Holmes as well as they knew his methods. But it was in the realm of boyhood that the illustrators found their noblest opportunities and reached their greatest heights. The doings of our heroes were portrayed with breathless brush and brilliant colour: Dick, with one arm in a sling, leaping over a sandbagged parapet ("Charge!"); Frank in a desperate struggle for life on the edge of a precipice ("The half-breed reached for the knife!"); Harry, in a narrow jungle trail, face to face with a gigantic, open-mouthed anaconda ("He pressed the trigger. A misfire!"); They gave us good value, eschewing refinements and subtleties and packing the whole frame of the picture with bursting shells and zooming Fokkers, writhing tendrils of tropical creepers, faces at the window, or circling hordes of feathered Redskins.

The modern psychological novel certainly presents difficulties to the illustrator. What could an artist make of three hundred pages of sensitive study of this, penetrating analysis of that, revealing something-or-other of something else, all in the first person singular and without a trace of either plot or characters? But then (we might as well be truthful) we don't really read that sort of book, and as there are lots of recent novels which are not so very modern after all, the publishers might at least make the effort to restore to our drab shelves the boldly illustrated volumes of yesteryear. An omnibus Hornblower, pictures by Picasso, would be a certain dollar-earner. So would a collected edition of the Peter Cheyneys, India paper, limp morocco, frontispieces by Salvador Dali. Ben Nicholson, with a few geometrical abstractions, would deal admirably with *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, the next time a new edition of that great work is planned. And to usher in the renaissance may we not hope for an entirely new issue of Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos*, profusely illustrated by Sir Alfred Munnings?



"Stand back and give him some air — pass it on."



"Ha-ha! Election's
getting nearer. This
Health Service medicine
tastes exactly like
Napoleon brandy."



SOCIAL EVENT

"CURMUDGEONLY."

"To be expected only of a Kent-Barnaby."

"One does more than pale."

The picnic tea was not a success. After keeping silence during the cereal the guests were allowing their feelings to get voiced. In vain their hostess drew attention to the pink icing on the cakes, to the multiplicity of layers in the Wonder Sponge, to the robins on the paper napkins. Mr. Harbett scraped the cream out of his éclair and the chocolate from the top and rechewed the rest. Mr. Blunting wrote his name in the desiccated coconut on his cream sandwich and left it on his plate. Miss Wilsonby, refusing a second cup of tea, asked whether the first had been Indian or China.

What had made these visitors so critical and annoyed was that instead of taking place in their hostess's garden the party was being held at an eighteenth-century Greek temple several miles away, on the grounds that this would mix some sightseeing into the meal and improve it. Mrs. Kent-Barnaby had been pleased with herself when she thought of this treat; she did not know that the guests suspected her of not wishing passers-by to lean over the hedge and see them on her premises. They felt they were being kept dark.

A piece of plaster flaked from a pillar into the turn-up of Mr. Harbett's hat. A small, hard biscuit rolled down the flight of steps and was checked by a Caryatid's arm which had come off in a storm. As Mrs. Kent-Barnaby knelt on the cold marble trying to thread prickles into the pressure-stove she felt a desolation

exuding from the scene. Hoping to put things on an altogether merrier footing she began to carol blithely. "Mama's in de cold, cold ground," rang out her voice. "Lucky devil!" snarled Mr. Harbett as he moodily flicked his teaspoon at a headless goddess.

At this moment the errant wind, waywardly playing round the portico and between the statues, carried a sheet of newspaper to her feet. Reaching behind her, for she was still kneeling, she turned to examine it as a refuge from her perplexities. She skipped the market reports and the snooker championship and found a column in which an anonymous peeress replied to questions on social life and how to live it. There she read the answer to her problem. "I often find," wrote Marchioness X, "that even the stodgiest rout becomes a success when I have the guests act like well-known characters out of literature, such as Scarlett O'Hara."

With a gay little clap of her hands Mrs. Kent-Barnaby sprang to her feet and, forgetting her caution in her enthusiastic relief, cried out, "Guess what we're going to do now!"

"Go," said Mr. Harbett hopefully.

On this cue Miss Wilsonby drew on her gloves with a lingering elegance and, rising to her feet, began a speech of thanks whose minimum of gratitude was balanced by its maximum of style. Chivalled to the last, she ended, "*Agréez mes salutations distinguées.*" Then, trailing her parasol meditatively, she sauntered down the steps towards the car. With a little rush of speech her hostess tried to stop the rot. "Oh, dear! I didn't mean to hint that you had outstayed your welcome. I was just going to remark that we were all going to represent someone from a book. I shall be the Vicar of Wakefield. What are you going to choose, Mr. Blunting?"

Mr. Blunting looked affronted and replied, "If this last indignity is indeed inescapable I shall choose Sir Robert Peel."

Mrs. Kent-Barnaby objected that he was not in a book; but Mr. Blunting argued that he was in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and she humoured him by turning with an inquiring nod to Miss Wilsonby, who was hovering uncertainly about the lower steps. Miss Wilsonby was rather proud of her reading, most of which had been done aloud to her mother many years before, and with a superior smile said she would be Dracula. Without waiting to be invited Mr. Harbett said that as he was already sitting on a stone he would be the Wedding Guest, and asked what happened next.

The Marchioness had not mentioned what the characters did. Indeed, she gave the impression that the mere assumption of false personalities would liberate gaiety and remove constraint. It was obviously too late for any kind of guessing game and, while it would be possible to impose forfeits on those who behaved out of character, Mr. Harbett was not a man from whom forfeits could be easily extracted. The only course left was to award prizes for the most

skilful representation. As soon as Mrs. Kent-Barnaby had announced this, Mr. Harbett claimed that the chief characteristic of the Wedding Guest was impatience to be gone and that nothing could possibly be more realistic than his playing of the part. This threw discord among the hitherto united guests.

Miss Wilsonby complained that much as she disliked having to enact anybody she was at least entitled to alleviate her misery by having the opportunity of competing for a prize. Mr. Blunting, meanwhile, had risen to his feet and with a sawing movement of his arm was declaiming such fragments of the Tamworth Manifesto as he could remember, eking them out with picturesque phrases drawn from other orators. "The correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances of the people, by the people, for the people," he thundered. At this point Miss Wilsonby was carried away by a surge of verisimilitude and bit him.

Although there was warrant enough for her action in the book wherein the character appeared, Miss Wilsonby, judged by the narrow standards of polite conduct, was in the wrong. It is not recorded that anyone, not even Disraeli, ever bit Peel, and to enhance the vividness of one's own characterization at the expense of a fellow-competitor is contrary to the spirit of fair play and possibly to that of common decency. Scarcely had she withdrawn her teeth when this aspect of the question occurred to her. To retrieve her poise she withdrew from the contest and, as the hostess could scarcely be in the running for a prize which, in any case, she already owned, the decision remained between the men. To the suggestion that there should be a short recess while Mr. Blunting got back into the skin of his part Mr. Harbett objected that anything which prolonged the proceedings would be vetoed by him. He then cupped his hand to his ear and announced that he heard the loud bassoon. It was, he added, playing "Here comes the bride."

Strained beyond endurance, Mrs. Kent-Barnaby burst out. "You both get a prize; it's a tie."

"I refuse to split a tie with Blunting, especially one chosen by a woman," said Mr. Harbett.

"The prize is . . ." Mrs. Kent-Barnaby was starting to explain, when a cry from Miss Wilsonby stopped her.

Waving the torn newspaper which the wind had blown from Mrs. Kent-Barnaby's feet to hers, she read out another quotation from the Marchioness: "To prolong a tea-time visit beyond an hour is generally reckoned a sign of hailing from the wrong side of the tracks." Then, showing her watch triumphantly to her fellow-guests, she led them helter-skelter down the steps.

R. G. G. PRICE

"Last night Albert Einstein gave to the world a new comic theory . . . Dr. Einstein has been working on this theory for thirty years."—Irish paper

Mr. Punch has to move a little faster.

THOUGHTS WHILE DRESSING FOR THE BALL

ENVOYS, ambassadors, admirals, cardinals, captains, kings

Flutter like leaves in autumn down when Azrael beats his wings;

Chariot and cannon rust and crumble, tucket and fanfare fade;

Dust is the dome of studded gold, the ivory colonnade, Impi and legion, Tartar war-horde, phalanx and scarlet square,

Galliasse, galleon, towering flagship—melted all into air! Beneath the moon stands nothing enduring—all things vanish away;

Where now is Babylon? and where the Empire of Cathay!

Where is the Ruler of all the Russias? Where the Prince of the Blood?

And where in the name of Beelzebub is my blasted collar-stud?

G. D. R. DAVIES



THE WOOD



THE team of greys
strain in the ruts
and, squelching,
the wood cutts
move a yard
or two, then wait,
but in the end
they reach the gate;
and no tractor,
however new,
could shift these oaks
as horses do—
no power-driven wheels
could get
a grip in all this
muck and wet.
The gears are good,
the leather's good,
and the old cutts
have always stood
for eighty years,
or maybe longer—
for, mended-up,
they're always stronger.

We swear like thunder—
threaten blood—
but pull these oak-trees
out the wood . . .

And who was it
who planted these



Enoch H. Shepherd

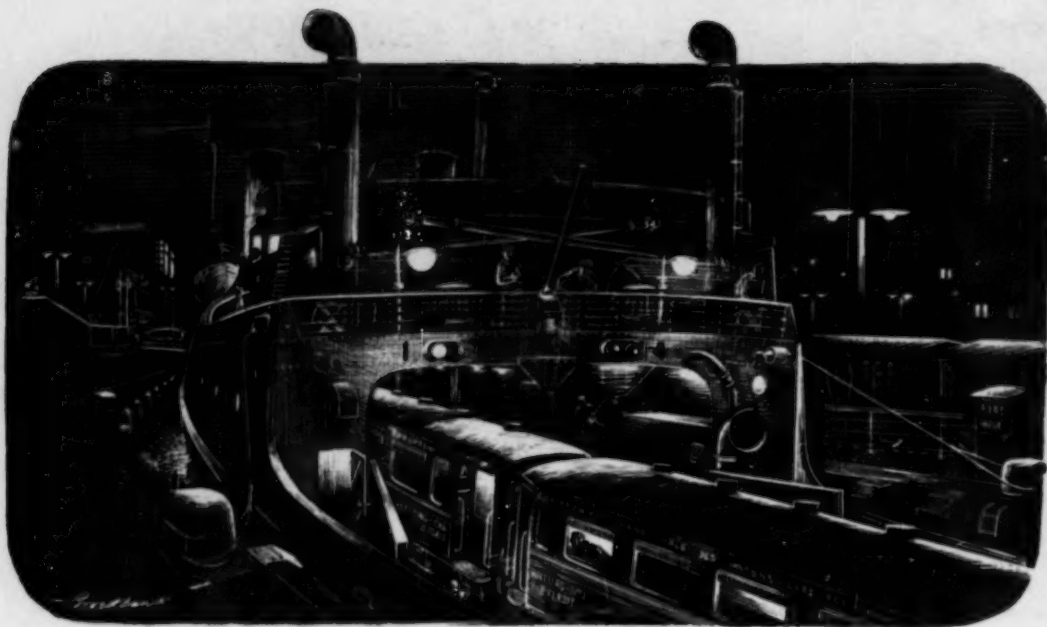
X D CUTTS

solid oaks—
these great old trees!
Some Tudor squire,
dour and stout:
a chap who threw
his weight about!
Some castled baron,
bluff and gay,
who planted for
another day? . . .
We do not know—
it takes some knowing—
*for oak takes time
when it is growing.*
And my forefathers,
I've no doubt,
were helping squire,
hereabout,
and with coarse oath
and ribald joke
they planted walnut,
elm and oak—
it's funny folk
of their own blood
should haul their timber
out the wood!

And maybe sons
of ours will want
to come along
and help replant . . .

JESSE BAGGALEY





CRADLE OF THE DEEP

Night Ferry to Paris

THE idea of snoring all the way from Victoria to the Gare du Nord sounds fascinating—but the delusiveness of non-stop trains which stop frequently, and of round-the-world aircraft which (one gathers) are constantly coming down for air, suggest to the man bent on sweet repose from London to Paris that he may, in practice, have to keep changing his bed on the way or at the least play host to the Customs officials in the small hours. Not so. Let all sceptics be ashamed of themselves. With Customs formalities obligingly restricted to the journey's extremities sleeping-car passengers entraining at Victoria are enbarked at Dover with the gentlest of shuntings, debarked at Dunkirk with equal care, and—only dimly conscious of the effeminate whistles and volatile brakings which mark transition to the rails of France—are delivered at the Gare du Nord in magnificent form for their short business conference or long, grueling drive to the winter sports. They can sleep all the way, and since that

is what most of them do they may be interested to learn what happens while they do it.

The first thing that these cross-Channel slumberers missed was the somewhat unnerving appearance of the waiting boat. Her stern thrown rashly open to receive the coaches of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-lits et des Grands Express Européens (Chemins-de-fer Britanniques keep their rolling-stock at home), she looks as if her after-half has been sliced off in a typhoon and the rest of her freakishly washed up in the middle of Clapham Junction. Until her cargo rumbles aboard she is firmly bolted to the soil of Dover, united by a form of drawbridge with the permanent-way of British Railways, four of whose tracks thus run unbroken off the edge of England on to the *Shepperton's* train-deck. But Mr. Punch's Night Ferry Correspondent asks himself what is to happen when that last link with home is severed . . . and the boat settles under two hundred and

thirty tons of sleeping-cars? What assurance is there that the inadequate-looking gates at her stern will keep either the coaches in or the Channel out? Fair stands the wind for France, and stands, what is more, at Force Seven, or rather more than half a gale . . . A number of diverting speculations (denied the sleeping passengers) occupy Mr. P.'s N.F.C. right up to the time that Captain Coulter, dark, dapper, duffed, gives the order to cast off—and for a few anxious moments afterwards.

However, as my fellow-passengers are aware, the *Shepperton* did not sink, but wallowed matter-of-factly out under the watery moon and so, as the captain put it flippantly to the man at the wheel, "round the corner and down the middle." The coaches below (they were shunted on amiably by a bronchitic old semi-retired engine) had been chained and wedged with conscientious care—sixteen chains to each, with links the size of boxing-gloves, and adjustable, roll-resisting stanchions. Their occupants, breathing deeply behind

drawn blinds, need have no thought for the life-saving apparatus stowed on the overhead rack or the neatly-arrowed directions to "Life-boats. Canots."

For their further peace of mind the sleepers in the deep are unaware that up on the bridge and in and out of the wheel-house (according to the roll of the ship) there lurches a wild and alien figure with a notebook and pencil between its teeth: Mr. P.'s N.F.C., debarré by the elements from either asking questions or writing down the answers, owes his presence up there to the impressively nautical conversation of Mr. Punch's Artist; able to out-bawl the gale on such topics as port hand buoys, free-board and the Beaufort scale he distracts the captain's attention from the dangerous staggerings of his second guest among the delicate instruments of navigation. It is not until the following day, on the faintly heaving pavements of the Rue de Rivoli, that Mr. P.'s A. reveals quite another purpose in these exchanges: it seems that his experiences in a variety of craft have never included a roll quite so intriguing as that of the *Shepperton*, and he was anxious to compare notes with the captain. . . .

At about two in the morning, after an especially painful ricochet

off the helmsman's elbow on to the radar installation, Mr. P.'s N.F.C. reminds himself that he is not here to enjoy himself; he has work to do, and must go below and do it. He therefore spreadeagles himself down a series of companion-ways on to the train-deck to note the passengers' morale. It is good. They are all asleep. Here, in the very cradle of the deep, the rocking is barely perceptible. All is hushed. Indeed, notices enjoin "Silence please!" and members of the crew, soft-footed on coconut matting, creep watchfully hither and thither adjusting the gently creaking chains. From the heating-plants of the manacled coaches wisps of steam hiss thinly; battery-chargers are chugging (when immobile the sleeping-cars have to rely on their host for electricity) and below, with a rich shuddering, the ship's engines murmur a deeper note; white lights from above spill down the white, girdered walls—no one could call them bulkheads; no one, carried here unconscious and suddenly waking, could imagine himself in a ship: a tram-depôt, perhaps, or an engine-shed; even, at a stretch, a small and unusually spick and span dry-dock, but a ship, never. A few goods-wagons stand sullenly on the outer sets of rails, two or three motor-cars, in the very act of export, glisten here and there

in the deck corners—and against the neat coils of a fire hose leans a battered bicycle, suggesting the early morning dash of the cabin-boy, pedalling off through Dunkirk's tangle of dockyards to breakfast with the prettiest girl in France. As Mr. P.'s N.F.C. tiptoes back up the companion-way with this fanciful thought he is pursued by a single, prolonged, muffled but hugely luxuriating snore.

By this time the ship is running in

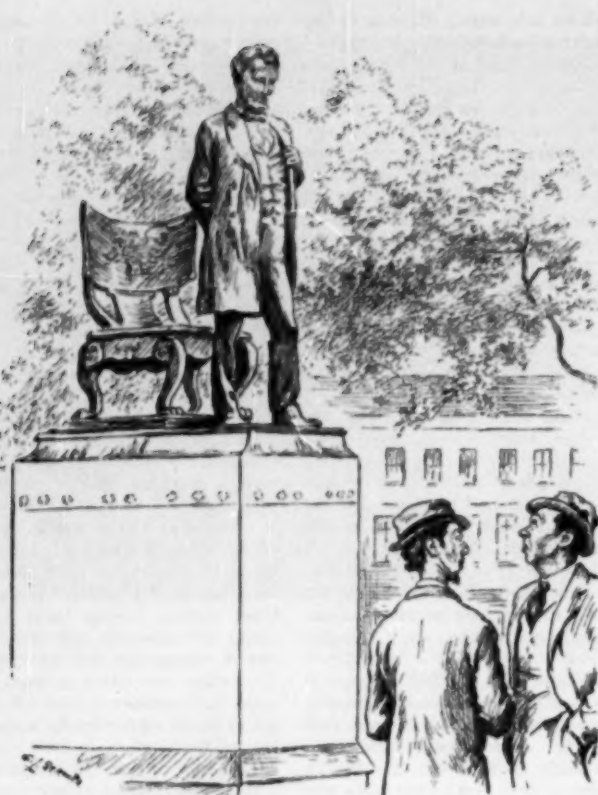
the shelter of the French coast; even on the bridge the world seems to have found its balance again; the skyline is climbing only half-way up the wheelhouse windows with every roll, the moon is clear, and two high, flashing lights stand out among the lesser twinklings of Dunkirk. Time passes. Two punctual tugs appear, to dance attendance on us, and presently we are gliding past the tip of the long, ruined jetty, black in the moonlight, which would have marked our journey's end ten years ago on a less peaceful night.

Now we have green lights winking a welcome . . . we are anailing into the lock, and the leading tug has a line aboard us . . . the winches rattle, and after a taut period of manoeuvring we come to rest. The pilot, a silent Frenchman who has been with us all the way, disengages himself from the shadows of the bridge. His services have not been called upon this time, though there are several lurking wrecks in these waters, among them that recent war casualty, the *Princesse Astrid*, whose mast still marks the spot where she struck a lingering mine last summer. (One of the pilot's most useful functions, according to the captain, is to address tug-masters in their own language, a feat beyond the captain's power, even after thirty years at sea.) Now the lock-gates close slowly behind us and—for it is flood-tide—we begin to descend to dock-level. In another half-hour we are docked; another drawbridge has dropped on our stern and we are firmly clamped to the shores of France. The sleepers below await only a word from the French Railways, their shackles will be struck off, and away they will roar along the iron road to the Gare du Nord. Still asleep. Unknowing, uncaring. Only the captain and crew are alive to the modest miracle which has been performed once more—for Mr. Punch's Representatives are only half alive. . . .

Yawning their farewells, they present a startling phenomenon: two Englishmen bound for Paris with only one idea in their minds—the idea of, as soon as possible, snoring all the way back.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





"Waste, I call it. Nobody's ever sat on it."

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS

"MY family," Tomaso used to say proudly, "have *always* fired the gun."

He was almost right. The gun had always been fired by his family; always, that is, since its capture from the Austrians, or the Hungarians, or the Serbs (no one quite knew) in 1862, or 1628, or 1286 (it didn't really matter). After its demobilization the gun was employed by the victorious republic of San Severo for firing salutes on important occasions. The republic of San Severo has an area of thirty square miles and a population of ten thousand, more or less, and its glorious history was acquired chiefly

by hanging on to the coat-tails of neighbouring, more powerful states; but that does not prevent the San Severese, indomitably festive by nature, from holding a jubilee on every possible pretext. Such things are good for the tourist trade, and the tourist trade is the second most important factor in the balancing of San Severo's budget.

The most important factor, of course, is the postage revenue. Ever since the Universal Postal Union of 1874 first opened the eyes of the *Capitani Reggiani* San Severo has issued a commemorative set of stamps, in rather a small edition, for almost every event in the calendar,

whether directly concerning San Severo or not. These are snapped up by philatelists the world over, and if there are sometimes too few in the San Severo post office to supply the day-to-day needs of the citizens the citizens need only walk down the mountain into Italy to find all the stamps they want and a regular postal service to go with them.

It is said that when there is an election, saint's day, anniversary, bigamy-trial, or other public celebration, there are always two eager, cheering throngs—one in the Piazza, outside the Council Chamber, and the other round the corner, outside the post office. As soon as normal business is resumed (and the post office always opens on such occasions) the excited concourse storm the doors and the entire new issue of stamps is sold out within an hour.

But let us get back to Tomaso and his gun.

The gun stands in the Piazza, in front of the Council Chamber. The Piazza, like everything else in the city of San Severo, slopes steeply—San Severo being situated at the top of a three-thousand-foot mountain—so it is fairly safe to fire the gun on public holidays, even when the Piazza is crowded, as anything besides smoke that might accidentally come out of the barrel is sure to go above the heads of the people.

It is safe, that is, from the people's point of view; Tomaso not long ago discerned his own—he thinks—tremendous danger. He discovered recently that when he pulled the lanyard to fire the gun a puff of smoke came not only from the muzzle but also from the breech. Tomaso made a complaint to the mayor, who fobbed him off by doubling the amount given him for his services.

"That," Tomaso said, "is another thing about which I have been meaning to speak."

The mayor invited him to speak on.

"Alone of all the citizens of the republic," Tomaso said, "I am unable to go to the post office when there is a new set of stamps. When I have fired my gun and cleaned it there are no stamps left. To compensate me for this—"

"Would you like me to find someone else to fire the gun?" asked the mayor.

"My family," Tomaso told him, "have *always* fired the gun."

But the next time he had to perform, Tomaso, reckoning that not even for *two* litres of red wine would he so endanger his life, used a much-reduced charge, and the gun made only a miserable little pop. The crowds whistled and hissed at Tomaso in their disappointment, and the unhappy *artillerista* found himself unable to decide whether his fear of the gun was not less than his fear of a lynching. Unluckily for him, only three days later came the anniversary of the relief of Monte Grappa, and he had to officiate again. He restored the full charge, but compromised by firing the gun with a lanyard about a yard longer than the old one, which had served him since he took over from his father. When he saw the puff of thick yellow smoke that emerged from the breech he was extremely grateful for the extra distance, and decided to add another yard for the

feast of San Ildebrando the following Tuesday.

On the Feast of San Ildebrando a little piece of metal flew off the gun and struck him in the stomach. Tomaso besought the mayor, on his knees, to have the gun overhauled; but the annual elections were due in a week, when the gun would, by custom, have to make the biggest bang of the year.

"I could, of course, find—" the mayor began.

"My family—" said Tomaso.

"Just so," said the mayor.

Each day during that next week Tomaso went to the mayor with a fresh idea for increasing his safety. Could he be provided with a suit of mediæval armour to impress the tourists? Would it not be more in keeping with the times to mount the gun in the old German tank rusting away half-way down the mountain? Did the mayor not think that the gun's report spoiled the fanfare of trumpets? The mayor was firm: if Tomaso would not fire the gun, someone else must. "Very well," Tomaso said on the election

eve. "So I shall die for my country and become a hero."

"That will be nice," the mayor agreed.

"On second thoughts," said Tomaso, "I believe I do not wish to become a hero so soon. I have thought of something."

"Excellent," said the mayor.

Next day, when the newly-elected *Capitani Ruggiani* came in state out of the Council Chamber, Tomaso was nowhere to be seen. He was, in point of fact, at the other end of a lanyard a hundred and fifty yards long, exactly long enough to reach from the Council Chamber to the post office. From this safe distance he jerked the lanyard; the gun blew up with a terrific report; and the mayor was killed instantly.

Tomaso, on the other hand, was able, for the first time, to secure a complete set of the new stamps.

B. A. YOUNG

"Home.—Mine was washed ashore at Blackpool."—"Daily Graphic"
Well, it's made you independent of building controls.





"And moreover, Father, modern thought tends to place the primary responsibility for juvenile delinquency with the parents."

THE DOUBLE-DECKER

Thoughts on the introduction of double-decker buses to the Lake District (where the centenary of Wordsworth's death is due to be commemorated this year.)

BEHOLD it, driven in swift career,
 Yon doubled-deckèd omnibus!
 It skirts the shore of Windermere,
 And now it stops for us.
 No horse-drawn chaise did e'er approach
 The speed of this mechanic coach.
 The top will seat a score or so,
 And just as many sit below.

No longer need the climber trudge
 In heavy boots along the road.
 The modest fare he does not grudge,
 But gladly sheds his load.
 He sits at ease and rests his back,
 Much wearied by his ponderous sack,
 A burden of such weight profound
 It bowed him almost to the ground.

The waiting queue can scarce believe
 That no one will be left behind;
 But this conveyance can relieve
 The fear that haunts each mind.
 A bus so spacious never plied
 'Twixt Keswick town and Ambleside,
 Startling the Herdwick sheep that graze
 On the green slopes of Dunmail Raise.

Conspicuous as the scarlet bloom
 That ripens to a runner bean,
 This vehicle is seen to loom
 Amid the hedgerows green.
 And once I saw it mirrored clear
 In the still depths of Rydal Mere . . .
 That image in my heart I bore
 Long after it was seen no more.

AT THE PLAY

Beauty and the Beast (MERCURY and PLAYERS' THEATRES)

THIS week I have seen a new Christmas play that restores a lot of lost faith. In relation to the vast music-hall compounds that now pass for pantomime it stands as do those occasional and memorable films, produced on a shoestring in a barn, to the million-dollar enormities that one forgets on the way home. Young and old in the audience clapped this little gem equally, the gap between their tastes being bridged by artistic integrity and by humour and imagination that were not watered down for the children nor stiffened up with artful sophistication for their elders. This latest variant of *Beauty and the Beast* is by Mr. NICHOLAS STUART GRAY, and if it is not to be seen next year on one of the smaller West End stages then managers will deserve the harsh words sometimes applied to them. Parents who blench at the soggy elfin rhapsodies can be assured that the flavour of Mr. GRAY's extravagance is as dry as it is charming.

At the Mercury the piece is put on with a calculated simplicity that is very pleasing. A few flowers bright with absurdity, that might have sprung from Disney's studio, a shaft of light falling with cunning across a window—these do more to launch magic than realism could ever compass. All credit to Miss MARY



(Players' Theatre)

Victorian Monster

The Beast—MR. G. GORDON
Beauty—MISS DAPHNE ANDERSON



(Mercury Theatre)

Medieval Monster

The Beast—MR. JOHN BYRON ; *The Wizard*—MR. HUGH PRYSE
Beauty—MISS CAROL MARSH ; *Miscy*—MR. BARRY MACGREGOR

MORRIS's production and Miss JOAN JEFFERSON FARJEON's décor. From the delicate pantaloons of the merchant's daughters to the last pathetic whisker of the *Beast* the trappings are a delight.

New twists abound. The Wizard (Mr. HUGH PRYSE) is a pottering university professor with a bad memory, who turns the arrogant *Prince* (Mr. JOHN BYRON) into a beast, partly because of rudeness and partly to show off to his young nephew (Mr. BARRY MACGREGOR—a dragon). For five hundred years this grossly incompetent sorcerer forgets about his victim, until 1840, when we are introduced to the domestic bliss of a sober merchant

(Mr. DONALD FISLAY) and his three dutiful daughters (Miss CAROL MARSH is *Beauty*, the Misses JILL RAYMOND and JUNE RODNEY are *Jessamine* and *Jonguline*). The Wizard takes the *Merchant* into the *Beast's* garden to pluck a rose for *Beauty*, and after that you can roughly guess the scenario. Effects are splendidly timed and unusually ingenious. Flights are accompanied by a supersonic whistle, there is a lie-detector which should be fitted immediately at the Old Bailey, and the wilting of *Beauty's* rose is the saddest thing you could see. My only

complaint is that the third act slows up a trifle and would be better for a bigger ration of *Wizard*. The acting is good, especially that of Miss MARSH, Mr. PRYSE and Mr. BYRON.

Beauty and the Beast made up my week. I have left far less space than it merits to the uproarious performance at the Players' Theatre, where Mr. ARCHIE HARRADINE has adapted the version of the same story by J. R. PLANCHÉ that was first put on in the year of Mr. Punch's birth. It brims over with the devilish puns that were PLANCHÉ's legacy to Gilbert, but its early Victorian transports are given a sure touch of quick burlesque that keeps them funny. The staging is clever and the singing lusty. Miss DAPHNE ANDERSON's guileless *Beauty*, Mr. G. GORDON's sonorous *Beast* and Miss R. HILL's sardonic *Queen* are the pick of a knowing team. And the Harlequinade at the finish is a riot of nice clowning.

That I can thank two little theatres for my best Christmas double certainly gives food for thought.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—*New*—Another Old Vic success.

BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

CASTLE IN THE AIR—*Adelphi*—Polished fooling by Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

HALF-HOUR AT PANGLE'S

IT should take no time to walk into the butcher's and fetch a little parcel of meat waiting ready-wrapped on the marble slab, with the bill on top. That it never seemed to take less than half an hour of Mrs. Barley's Saturday was something she put down to the village's Sunday dinner, to human nature in general and to the extraordinary niceness of the butcher himself.

The omens to-day were good: a couple of retrievers moored to the tree, one high curved bicycle propped against it, and inside the shop only half a dozen people. At the head of this small queue, which, of course, was not a queue in the ordinary meaning of the word, stood the retrievers' owner, a huge woman who was saying in a great cracked voice: "Got any bones, Pangle!"

Mr. Pangle (as everyone else called him) smiled in happy anticipation, dived under the slab and brought out a bone like a dumb-bell.

"That's the stuff!" cried the woman as he began sawing. "Six-inch pieces, there's a good soul."

"Will you be needing the whole bone, Miss Hunt?" said Mr. Pangle, glancing along it.

"Well, if it's all the same to you—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Mr. Pangle. "You're welcome. It's just that not everybody wants a bone this size." And he bent again to his sawing.

"Wonderful things, pressure-cookers," a woman in a pixie-hood

was saying to another woman in a pixie-hood.

Mr. Pangle's face lit up, and he stopped sawing. "Why, Janet! Elsie asked me to tell you, after you'd gone she was turning out the sink-tidy and—"

"Go on!" said the pixie-hood. "You haven't found it."

Silently, and with a fine feeling for drama, Mr. Pangle put down his saw, marched up the steps through the door at the back and marched back with something in the palm of his hand.

"It is!" cried the pixie-hood. "Mavis, come here and look!" There was a bit of a scuffle as the second pixie-hood tripped over the huge woman's shopping-basket, but it was drowned by the scuffle at the door as a glamorous young woman burst through and gasped "I say, everyone, I'm awfully sorry, but I've got someone else's car waiting. Mr. Pangle, can you be a darling and spare me a spot of whatever! We're back, you see."

"Why, good afternoon, Miss Hollis," said Mr. Pangle, hurrying round the pixies. "Did you have a good holiday?"

"Oh, it was wonderful, quite wonderful," said Miss Hollis. "When you think that this time two days ago I was sitting on a beach—and Mr. Pangle, the *steaks*!"

Mr. Pangle had been about to run up the steps and through the sitting-room to his refrigerator, but he waited with his nicest smile. However, there was a sudden cry of "June, my dear, I wouldn't have

recognized you!" and in the ensuing set-to he disappeared, only (Mrs. Barley deduced) to be caught by the arrival of his mother-in-law and by the telephone. When he got back Miss Hollis was showing her friend a scarf, and it was some time before he could draw her attention to the two hookfuls he was inviting her to choose from.

"Oh, sure, anything," said Miss Hollis. "I don't know lamb from beef." A small wave of gratitude ran through the shop, which was now rather fuller.

"All right, then, ducky, ask him," said an encouraging voice, and a tiny girl squeezed through to hold out a bag and say "Wool you have a sweetie!"

"Why, thank you, my dear," said Mr. Pangle, putting down his knife. "Perhaps you'll find me one." He raised his voice. "She doesn't forget, does she? How's the little boy, Mrs. Arthur?"

"Going on lovely," cried Mrs. Arthur. "There now, ducky!" This was because her daughter, having dug out a toffee wrapped in blue paper, had dropped it into Miss Hunt's shopping-basket and burst into tears. There was a helpful rush, but Mr. Pangle was already on his knees pulling out soap and tins of spaghetti.

"Got him in the pram here!" Mrs. Arthur shouted. Mr. Pangle dusted his knees and hurried to the door. For a baby-viewer he was back in good time, but Miss Hunt had already found the toffee.

"That's a nice pair of setters



there, Miss Hunt," he said, taking his toffee, but before she could correct him a high sweet voice outside piped "Mr. Pangle! I say! What about the weights for my baby-scales?"

Mr. Pangle darted back to the door. "It's lucky you called, Mrs. Thompson, because the man'll be here Tuesday. Now, if you'll say how many and what kind—"

There was silence and a nervous giggle. "I can't think all of a sudden," said Mrs. Thompson. "I'll stay here and work it out while you carry on. Oh, I'm so sorry." She had trodden on the toe of the sub-postmaster, who was holding a pound note. "Me again, Jim," he said. "Why they never carry change nowadays I don't know."

"Not worth it," shouted Mrs. Arthur, and Mr. Pangle joined in the laugh before disappearing into his sitting-room. When he had told his mother-in-law what the laugh was about and handed over the change he took up his knife with the air of a man beginning a new chapter of life.

"Now," he said. He seized the beef, hit it, slapped on the fat, whisked the string round it, whacked the paper on the scales, flung on the meat, hustled it into its wrapping and thrust it into Miss Hollis's outstretched hand. It was, as a tall man remarked, a breath-taking performance.

"You get the knack," said Mr. Pangle modestly, cracking a length off the dumb-bell bone and moving his saw along another six inches.

ANDE

THE VEHICLE IS STATIONARY

"WHEN is it forbidden to use the warning instrument?" he said.

"Between the hours of 11.30 P.M. and 7 A.M.," I said, promptly.

"Where?"

Where? This was one of those tricky questions I had been warned about. "They'll catch you out somehow," even my best friends had told me, "especially if you look like a chap who uses a motor-bike purely for pleasure." So I'd gone along to the market town of G— in my pre-war overcoat and a cloth cap, looking like a man who scrapes up a miserable living as an election agent's assistant or something. So far all had gone well with my driving-test and I felt quietly confident that the "L" plates which had badgered me for so long would soon be on the kitchen fire.

"Where?" I said.

"That's it," said the examiner.

"Where?"

Suddenly I got it. A page of the Highway Code, with a large asterisk against the appropriate paragraph, became momentarily floodlit in my mind.

"In built-up areas," I said.

There was no warm smile of congratulation, no encouraging pat on the head. These Ministry of Transport men are cool devils, as hard as nails.

"Any other time when it's forbidden to use the warning instrument?" he asked.

He stood there in the light drizzle, his hands deep in the pockets of his belted, military mackintosh and his clean-shaven

face a mask of practised inscrutability. I loathe all really clean-shaven men, the whole pack of them, and this fellow's chin was as smooth as bottle-glass and utterly flawless. I pushed my finger-tips through the nap of my offside jowl and listened to the comforting racket. *Warning instrument!* Why couldn't he say horn? Little Boy Blue come blow your warning instrument! Ha-ho!

"Well, I don't think I should sound it when passing a hospital," I said gamely.

"I see," he said. The crisp monosyllables did not deceive me, so I lunged again, trying to smash my way through to his approval by sheer fertility of invention.

"And I shouldn't use it passing a school," I said, "unless of course I had to."

"A school," he said. "I see."

"Then again," I went on breathlessly, "I shouldn't use it when other motorists were using their horns. Don't want superfluous noise, do we?"

This time he said nothing. It was as though he had already made up his mind, as though the proceedings were now only meaningless routine.

"I shouldn't sound my horn," I said, "as a greeting to a pedestrian."

"I see," he said.

"And I shouldn't use it among cattle in case it scared them—and never, never, in the lambing season."

"I see," he said.

"I'd try not to use it near houses with television aërials in case it interfered with reception," I said.



His eyebrows came down slowly and the line of his mouth wavered slightly. I rushed on. Surely, he would realize eventually that a sensitive, thoughtful and imaginative driver has more right on the highway than an oaf who knows the letter of the law parrot-fashion.

"And naturally," I said, "I shouldn't use it between 11.30 p.m. and 7 a.m."

"You said that once," he barked.

I was poised on a knife-edge between success and failure. The result of the whole test depended on my answer. But I was finished; the well had dried up.

"You can't mean between 7 a.m. and 11.30 p.m.," I said hopelessly.

"That would be ludicrous, surely?"

"I'm asking *you*," he said.

I sat there astride the machine,

a broken man. As he opened his mouth to sentence me I made one last leap into the Highway Code.

"I shouldn't sound the—er—warning instrument in a built-up area," I said, "or, of course, when under the influence of drink or anything."

"I see," he said. "Well, I'm sorry to inform you, sir, that you've failed."

I moaned. He gave me a form, urged me to study the Code, plunged his hands into the pockets of his belted military mackintosh, said "Goodaf'noon," and strode away.

I started the engine, gave three loud blasts on the horn to remove a dog from my path and moved off.

As I passed him the examiner turned and grinned.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

VICARIOUS HOSPITALITY

THERE was a time when it was considered ill-mannered for a guest to smoke his own cigarettes in another man's home. There are those who still think it is. Others would argue (with some reason) that the cigarette-case has inherited the tradition of the snuff-box and is something which may be exchanged in courtesy between friends. Guests have not yet taken the further step of whipping flasks out of their pockets—though this would certainly be a logical extension of that hideous pre-war prostitution of hospitality, the bottle party, at which a man incited his guests to drink their own liquor and took the honours as the host of nothing beyond the electric light and the wear and tear of the carpet.

"Do ring up and ask yourself to lunch one day," is the jargon of another brand of vicarious hospitality, less obvious but infinitely more dishonest. The boisterously affable businessman can sound warm-hearted as he says it—but it is a strange notion of manners that places a man's generosity in the discretion of his guest. The meaning of the invitation is inescapable. Mr. Thing will be prepared to entertain you, provided you bother to make the arrangements yourself; otherwise not. It is at its best a confession of gross laziness; at its worst it is a form of words deceitfully calculated to promote a reputation for good-fellowship. But a man who can not be troubled to set a date to his hospitality is not hospitable at all. Punctual acceptance of every such invitation would excite the nicest possible Nemesis—though at the cost of taking lunch with a great many too many affable businessmen.

§ §

Bon Voyage

Of Latin phrases
I know but two,
Terra firma for me,
Sic transit for you.



BOOKING OFFICE

Walls and Strays

IT is because the teaching of history has been persistently romantic that we are inclined to say how much we should have preferred to live in some period other than our own. The eighteenth century has been the greatest snare. It can be made to sound a paradise of wit and grace and accomplishment, especially when viewed from a machine-age shadowed by anarchy. Few popular historians have cared to spoil the picture by reminding us of the brutality that flourished or of the inconveniences and worse that would have roused our disgust. And even the contemporary evidence most likely to come our way will probably only confirm the illusion that by not being born in 1750 we have missed true happiness. How easy to be impressed by Parson Woodforde's gargantuan hospitality and the touching kindness to his Norfolk villagers reflected on almost every page of his diary, and yet to miss the significance of his uncomfortable ride to see a corpse hanging in chains and of the inclusion among his duties of the public shaming of unmarried mothers.

If we are to look back honestly, and perhaps be more contented with our own times, we must now and then be ready to accept the painful lessons of such a book as Mrs. Mary Hopkirk's *Nobody Wanted Sam: The Story of the Unwelcomed Child, 1530-1948*. A sharper corrective could hardly be found to writers whose traffic is famous men and whose reaction to the seamy side is to sprinkle it with literary potpourri. Although written as lightly as the subject allows, it makes grim going. It is a squalid and appalling record, only occasionally relieved by flashes of redeeming humanity, and except in selected doses it is for adults only. But adults should certainly read it.

Even with the best intentions authority has nearly always been beaten by the problem of the illegitimate child. If things were made too easy for his mother his numbers increased, while if she was punished unnecessarily he became the chief sufferer. Starting with the passing of the first Poor Law in 1530, Mrs. Hopkirk shows how the official pendulum has swung between these two insolubles. Elizabeth tried toughness, and so did James the First, and both reaped a bumper crop of infanticide. Charles the Second tied maintenance to the parish of birth, and as a result expectant unmarried mothers were on the road until the last possible moment. Workhouses began to take children about 1700, but though a few were well conducted most were unbelievable. Of seventy-eight babies admitted to the Holborn workhouse in 1765 sixty-four died. When the mother went to prison, which was very likely, the child went too, living with the lowest criminals of both sexes in animal conditions. On the other hand parish elders, for whom the whole business was a constant headache, soon found that relief in cash put a premium on illegitimacy by making a large family out of wedlock a profitable undertaking. With the eighteenth-century cotton mills of Lancashire, where children of seven were lucky if they worked no

more than seventy-four hours a week, and the early nineteenth-century mines, where girls of six carried coal from the face, we come to child slavery which was still accepted when, as late as 1875, Lord Shaftesbury at last succeeded in banning chimney boys. The English conscience seems to have been troubled by it much less than by slavery in Africa.

In spite of all this muddle and callousness (no worse than in other countries) governments continued to legislate, and there were shining individual exceptions besides Shaftesbury: such men as Jonas Hanway, Thomas Coram, Sir Frederick Eden, Charles Dickens, Thomas Agnew and Dr. Barnardo were typical of the pioneers who fought parliamentary apathy and the ostrich gentility of the public for the sake of the small underdog. Great institutions like the Foundling Hospital gradually came to the rescue, but for a long time too many of them bore titles as crushing as "The Asylum for Poor Friendless Deserted Girls Under Twelve."

Mrs. Hopkirk ends her survey with the Children's Act of 1948, which straightened out a deal of administrative chaos and brought new hope of prevention no less than of relief. Her book is extremely well documented. It deals with such a maze of experiment and frustration that she has been obliged to jump about a good deal over her period. It is not always easy going, but all things considered she has made an impressive job of a difficult subject. The story is not over. Her figures for present-day illegitimacy reflect surprising regional variations and will stagger most readers.

ERIC KEOWN



"Are we agreed, sir, that this is a fair reflection of the situation BEFORE we start?"

Urban Craftsmen

Anyone casting about for alternatives to security-with-controls might do worse than note the pre-industrial scope of *English Town Crafts*. Few of these were far divorced from rural settings, and many small-town specialities were, as they still are in France, dependent on a background of land-tenure. Mr. Norman Wymer describes a mediæval mason issuing for seasonal work from a remote small-holding; much as an ex-naval engineer to-day augments an agricultural livelihood by domestic electrical work. Several permutations of this principle are suggested by the thirty-odd crafts listed here—though some of them are essentially urban and whole-time. You can hardly build an organ or a billiards-table on an off-day. But you can bind books, make clothes, chase silver, throw pots or weave textiles. "Private enterprise—the whole basis of craftsmanship" has still, the author believes, a future. He hardly justifies his faith, but his happy account and lavish illustrations of old processes and practitioners undoubtedly recommend it.

H. F. E.

Revelations

The revised edition of Miss Winifred Graham's *That Reminds Me*—is described by the publishers as the "Pomantic Reminiscences of England's most prolific authoress"; it is a fascinating work in the tradition of Mr. C. W. Stammer's "What I Know." My favourite chapter is the one called "Our Taormina Visit and Merry Times at Cannes," but it is difficult to choose

between the items of interest, which include the writer's hereditary connection with the Hampton Fire Brigade, her fight against Mormonism, her account of her family (her grandfather was "the Don of two Cambridge Colleges"). There is a description of Mr. Warwick Deeping, "who demands absolute silence while genius burns and shivers if a dog barks in the garden. It is lucky he has such a sweet, soft-footed wife with a melodious voice," and a tribute to Mr. Walter Hutchinson: "I specially take off my hat to Walter for his ceaseless efforts to keep the literature of this country clean." Social activities and her eighty-five novels also receive mention.

B. G. G. P.

No Place Like Home

All who delight in the sweet, sharp sorrow of remembering childhood spent in the days of security, when summer was a golden day and winter a box of delights, will enjoy *The Blossom on the Bough*, by Dorothy Clewes. Early in the book the heroine, Lydia Meredith, who works in a publishing firm, sees an advertisement of a "Small Elizabethan Manor House," and looks through the printed page into her childhood and smells again "the starched sweetness of a white cotton frock." On an impulse she revisits her old home and, as she goes from room to empty room, we are given the portrait of a family's fortunes and misfortunes. It is easily, simply and unpretentiously done, but the prose is lit from time to time by some rather startling little truth—"A peculiar thought struck me: I was twenty years older than my own father." There is an outer story round the inner kernel of plot, and the author has managed to make all the to-and-fro-ing between childhood and middle-age easy for the reader.

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

Nobody Wanted Sam: The Story of the Unwelcomed Child, 1530-1948. Mary Hopkirk. (Murray, 15/-).

English Town Crafts: A Survey of their Development, from Early Times to the Present Day. Norman Wymer. (Batsford, 15/-).

That Reminds Me— Winifred Graham. (Skeffington, 12/6).

The Blossom on the Bough. Dorothy Clewes. (Harrap, 9/-).

Other Recommended Books

Everyman's Encyclopedia, Vol. 1, A-BAL; Vol. 2, BAL-BUL; Vol. 3, BUL-COA; Vol. 4, COA-DRA. (Dent, 12/- each) The third edition of this admirable small encyclopedia, entirely revised, reset, and reillustrated. About one-fifth is quite new; the Second World War is covered, and "science and engineering are brought up to the Atomic Age." Attractive, handy volumes (eight more to come) of about 750 pages.

The Young Lions. Irwin Shaw. (Cape, 15/-) First-rate war novel. The conflict in Africa and Europe seen from the German and American sides in a carefully-woven drama. Balanced, dispassionate and engrossing.

Frequent Heavens. Edmund Crispin. (Gollancz, 9/-). Fun in Filmland. Plot more carefully worked out than usual and exuberance of invention more controlled. A good straight detective novel, if not quite as entertaining as some of its predecessors.

Hold Tight There! David Langdon. (Hutchinson, 5/-) A collection of drawings chosen from those that have appeared in the last year or two, mostly in *Punch*.



"Fire!"



"Gone and lost the scout, blast them."

LES ANGLAIS FANTASQUES

A HAPPY chance has brought me a copy of a French conversational guide published in 1847. It was written, as are most of these guides, by a Frenchman—in this case M. Marin de la Voye; and I had not read a dozen sentences before making a remarkable discovery: that despite the shrinking of the Channel passage from three hours to five minutes the French idea of an Englishman in France, as disclosed by these little books, has scarcely altered in a hundred years. Before me lies a second such guide, published during the nineteenth-thirties by a Frenchman signing himself "J. R." Almost the only major difference between his traveller and the traveller of 1847 is that the latter, doubtless because he was very much richer, was less truculent concerning over-charges and less ready to summon the police.

The Englishman was, and is,

laconic beyond the point of incivility; he was, and is, quick to resent a rebuff; he was, and is, terrified of railway trains, so much so that he rarely completed, or completes, a journey. "Superintendent! Let me out at the next station!" cries the Englishman of 1847. And we find "J. R.'s" Englishman echoing the cry: "Guard! I must absolutely get out at the next stop!" I find this trait most curious. It was an odd one in 1847, when railways were new; in our own time it is bizarre enough to appear as a slightly sinister complex, difficult to explain away. Many Englishmen are, no doubt, bad travellers. Many more are aggressively insular, deeply convinced that Continental trains, especially ironical, flippant French trains, are not to be relied upon. But neither explanation is sufficient to account for their extraordinary behaviour on French trains—for, as

we learn from "J. R." and M. de la Voye, extraordinary is the only word.

Here is one of M. de la Voye's Englishmen, bound from Le Havre for Rouen. He takes his seat, opens his guide, clears his throat and comes out with remarks like the following:

"Accidents are frightful when they happen on railways."

"An accident that should occur within a tunnel would not fail, it strikes me (*ce me semble*), to be fatal to many people."

"I am constantly dreading the wheels should get out of the rails, or the boiler burst. The rails, in many places, appear to be fixed to their frames with very little care."

"What a frightful crash must that be which is occasioned by two trains meeting at full speed!"

When one considers that these were offered as suitable conversational gambits to passengers who

were probably nervous enough already only one conclusion seems possible: that M. de la Voye hated the English (after all, in 1847 Waterloo was only the day before yesterday) and invented these dialogues to humiliate us before the French.

The odd thing is that "J. R." seems to hate us even more, though he was writing after a war which the two nations had fought side by side. M. de la Voye's Englishman is not without a certain rugged grandeur, when he has his feet on the ground; "J. R.'s" Englishman is without a redeeming virtue; he is pompous, a bully, pessimistic, suspicious, miserly and dull. On railway journeys he goes to pieces the moment the train begins to move. "Do not lean forward too much; you might fall out." "We are much too crowded." "The wind blows from all sides." "The cushions are dirty." "This is not a smoking compartment." "Guard! Have this gentleman removed at once!"

Elsewhere he behaves no better. We find him snarling at an aged boatman who has rowed him out to his ship: "Here is a franc, which is more than you are entitled to. Do not imagine I am to be taken in (*ne croyez pas m'attraper*)!" And the next moment he is timorously asking a steward: "How deep is the sea in these parts?" At a restaurant he protests: "The bill is too large. I refuse to pay." At a concert, after admitting that he has little ear for music, he says loudly: "The tenor is wanting in expression. The bow of the violinist needs a little rosin (*un peu de colophane*)."

He concludes a visit to a sick friend by

asking: "Do you wish to see a priest?" And the first thing he does in Paris is to write to the Prefect of the Seine requesting permission to visit the city's drains.

Now why should these two writers, separated almost by a century, each present portraits of the English so wounding to our self-esteem?

I believe I have a clue. It is provided by a similar guide published in France for the benefit of Frenchmen visiting England, and written, oddly enough, by a Frenchman, a Monsieur Thomas. Here are two characteristic extracts: "I am giving my wife a sewing-machine for her birthday—Is it to be a surprise?—Yes. She is expecting a motor-car." "You cannot speak to Mr. Smith. He is dead."

It is now crystal clear that in the compilation of these books the French cannot restrain their naturally mordant wit, that their books are not devised seriously but as huge practical jokes, with the purpose (as Jerome K. Jerome suggested long ago) of making fools of all who use them. The final proof is supplied by a sentence in M. de la Voye's preface. "Let the traveller have on the tip of his tongue the words and phrases of this guide," he writes, "and he may reckon on understanding all the polite and other talk of the good people of France." Then, shaking with silent laughter, he offers conversation like this: "The vapour of the boiler, should it expand too freely, is likely to blow up four or five carriages."

SOME LIVE ON HELLEBORE

SOME live on hellebore, and some on hope,
And some on nectar, which is Heaven's dew;
The first-named wallow, and the second tope,
The last-named sip, but they are very few.

With pitchfork-prod the first are goaded on,
With carrot-bait the second are beguiled;
The third, that view the snows of Helicon,
Attempt them not, and leave them undefiled.

The first endure a world that they despise,
The second spurn a world they would escape,
The third adopt a humorous disguise,
Knowing themselves the same in any shape.

The pity of it is, a man may be
At any moment any of the three.

R. P. LISTER



"I just don't seem to be hungry."

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or offered to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O. 1965. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1s.; elsewhere Overseas 2d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Island 20s.; Overseas 25s. (U.S.A. \$5.25; Canada \$4. or \$5.50).

FRANKLY, the carrot and turnip pie was not a success.

Tommy has kicked the toes off his shoes
and there's a pile of mending.
And you've laddered a new pair of nylons.

Isn't it time you relaxed and
took comfort in the arms of
your Parker-Knoll?



The
HARVEY
(Contract Model)

Ask to see it at your
local furnisher. To
be sure you get the
genuine article, see that
the salesman writes the
name "Parker-Knoll"
on your receipt.

Parker-Knoll

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

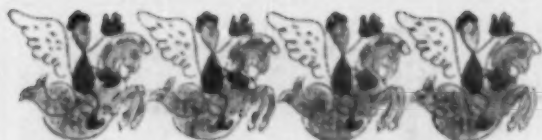
CVS-27

GOODNIGHT!



Twice as many people as before the war are getting
better sleep and more energy by drinking
Bourn-vita—and it costs only 1/10d. for a 1/2lb tin.

CADBURY'S
BOURN-VITA



4 ENGINES for PARIS £10 RETURN

30-day excursion flights each
morning and evening. Other services
during the day at normal fare including extra-
normal champagne lunch or dinner, £14.8.0 return. 44
and 33 seater 4-engine Skymasters and Languedocs on all services.

Details from Travel Agents (on booking form)

AIR FRANCE

52 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 0971
Services from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow.



Issued by The Cake and Biscuit Alliance Limited to remind you that biscuits
simply cannot be beaten as a compact energy food.

CVS-127



**—He buys a return ticket
—His family fly
there and back
for single fare**

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS
from London to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Channel Isles

Ask at your Travel Agent,
local BEA office or at BEA,
Dorland Hall, 14/20
Regent St., London S.W.1.
Telephone: GERard 9833
for full details of the



Family Travel Plan 

"Your family there and back for single fare"

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

New 4 oven Esse Fairy

Specially built to burn Unrationed Coke

Just look what you get! See what you save!

1 4 ovens with famous ESSE even heat—2 for roasting, etc.—2 for slow cooking. **2** Built to burn easy-to-get coke. **3** Record low fuel consumption of approximately 4 lb. coke per hour. **4** Cooking de-luxe for 7 to 9 people with fast-boiling hotplate and two simmering plates. **5** Continuous 24 hour service. **6** Heat control to your requirements. **7** Constant hot water with model No. 3 for only 6 lb. extra coke in 24 hours.

No sort of oven lives to clean



If you have a 2 oven Fairy (R type) it can be converted to a 4 oven cooker now. Write for details.



with
boiler
without
boiler

£96. 7. 6

£86. 17. 6

or monthly terms

The ESSE COOKER Company
Proprietors: Smith & Welford Ltd. Head Office: Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire
London: 46 Davies Street, W.1

a book about furnishing fabrics



OLD BLEACH CARPETS—fine quality Wilton in an exceptionally lovely range of colours are now to be found at the best stores.

You can get many charming ideas for interior decoration from the new Old Bleach book "At Your Service". It contains pictures, many in colour, of these well-known Irish fabrics as they are used in up-to-date homes; it also gives you a clear impression of the beauty and variety of Old Bleach furnishings in linen, wool, cotton and rayon—all fast to light and washing. Send a post card for it to the address below.

Old Bleach

FURNISHINGS LIMITED

Dept F.S. Randalstown, Northern Ireland

LANDSCAPE
ARTIST
NURSE
SOLDIER
CYCLIST
HOUSEWIFE
MUSICIAN
POLITICIAN
PAINTER
FOOTBALLER
SAILOR
GARDENER
SCHOOLBOY
CLEANER
FISHERMAN
DANCER
SHOWER
JOCKEY
DENTIST
LAWYER

Keep Your Nails Clean, and Hands Well Groomed!

Peron Chlor is the Magic Nail Cleaner and Hand Beautifier. It takes out the dirt, makes the tips Ivory White and leaves the hands **SOFT, WHITE AND FRAGRANT.**

Your nails and hands will always look well groomed when using this **NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. NO MESS!! NO BOTHER!!** Just squame a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands. Pronto!! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately.

Thousands use Peron Chlor every day. And what a boon it is to surgeons, doctors, gardeners, motorists, housewives, typists, nurses, sailors, soldiers, airmen, farmers and many more besides.

From all Chemists and Stores. In tubes and jars.

★ **OUR GUARANTEE.** We guarantee that Peron-Chlor is made from materials selected as being the best of their kind, produced in an original manner and designed to produce an article of outstanding merit. It is guaranteed to keep in good condition until used and may be stored in any kind of climate.

KEENES Perox-Chlor

A marvel of Scientific Chemistry

KEENES LABORATORIES LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4.

DANCER
HICKER
HISTORICIST
WAITRESS
GOLFER
SCHOOLBOY
ECONOMIST
SHOWER
CLEANER
JOCKEY
DENTIST
LAWYER



MOTOLUXE
The coat of COATS

Improved supplies of the authentic "MOTOLUXE" Fur Fabric Coats are now becoming available through the leading Retail Stores. In case of difficulty write to us for the address of the nearest Agent.

*MOTOLUXE MOTOR RUGS are again obtainable in the home trade.

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen St. Works, 54 Regent Street, London, N.W.1
1848—Established over 100 Years—1950



Jamal
LUXURIOUS PERMANENT WAVING
... MACHINELESS
... KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

ah!
oh!



SOLO
Sparkling
ORANGE

made from
SOLD REAL ORANGE JUICE



of fashion
Sylcoto
STOCKINGS

BYLCOTO (BELFRA) LTD-BELFRA-BERRYBORNE

3279

GOOD COOKING



£65.0.0

Here is the perfect combination for the perfect kitchen. The **BELLING STREAMLINE Electric Cooker** with inner glass oven door, and illuminated interior, automatic temperature controls for oven and boiling plates — the most advanced design yet produced. And the **BELLING Electric WARMING CABINET** which heats and stores the plates, keeps meals piping hot, and dries the washing-up. Also available on Dinner Wagon.

£13.5.0

£27.15.0

You can't beat a 'Belling'

BELLING & CO. LTD., ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX
MAKERS OF ELECTRIC FIRES AND COOKERS SINCE 1912



*It's true to say that parties gay
grow gayer as the time flies,
if you take care that Glen Mist's there
and travels as the rhyme flies.
While bebops bop and tapsters Lop
and jivers hoof and pad it,
th' ambrosial gist lies in Glen Mist —
forget this and you've had it.*

'GLEN MIST'

LIQUEUR

Honey-sweet . . . drink it neat

At your Wine Merchants

S. F. & O. HALLGARTEN, LONDON, E.C.3



Skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root — truly a pipe for the connoisseur. Available at high-class tobacconists. For address of nearest stockist write to—The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Blenheim Factory, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Foursome

Schoolgirls Collect
Autographs, Pimples...



Wilkinson's

LIQUORICE ALLSORTS

COFFEE

Fresh and fragrant, blended by experts for discriminating palates. Shipped in thousands of tins worldwide throughout the country. Three shillings per lb., post-free (minimum quantity 12 lbs.), freshly roasted and ground or roasted only.

TURNER & PRICE Ltd., Coffee Specialists,
Horsham, Sussex. (Est. 1931)

KYNOCH



SCARVES

KEITH SCOTLAND



NIGROIDS

(Liquorice and menthol pellets) are soothing for sore throats and save the voice strain of speakers, singers and actors. In handy pocket containers at all chemists.

Manufacturers:
FERRIS & Co., Ltd., BRISTOL

REMOVAL Estimate Free
HOULTS LTD.

Specialists in Removals and Storage
LONDON OFFICE: The Depositories
Chase Road, Southgate, N.14
Tel.: Palmers Green 1102-3
Also at NEWCASTLE, CARLISLE, GLASGOW



WHAT'S A GLASS BOFFIN ?



There's a lot of them at Chance Brothers . . . glass back-room boys . . . glass scientists. Quite human folk really—would take a glass of bitter with anyone. The only difference is, they're uncommonly clever with glass. What have the Glass Boffins invented? Well . . . Glass that resists heat (called 'Hysil'). The cathode ray tube that makes television possible. Glass thinner than paper for microscope work. Flawless glass for camera lenses. Glass to protect the eyes from glare and infra red. Glass for beautiful church windows, for factory roof lights, for houses everywhere. Glass bowls, jugs, dishes, that everyone can buy. Glass for everything. Glass for you.

Chance
....GLASS

FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED Glassmakers since 1624

Head Office: Smethwick 40, Birmingham. London Office: 28 St. James's Square, S.W.1
Branch Works: Glasgow, St. Helens and Malvern.



Darlington Thermal Insulation

Darlington 85% Magnesia is acknowledged to be the most efficient general purpose heat insulating material. From the supply of easily applied sectional coverings to complete installation, one or all three of our group of companies is at your service. Personal consultation through our resident representatives in the major industrial areas is readily available on receipt of your enquiry.



Manufacturers
**THE CHEMICAL & INSULATING CO. LTD.,
DARLINGTON**

Insulation Contractors
**THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD.,
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE**

Sheet Metal Fabricators
**S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LTD.,
TEAM VALLEY, GATESHEAD**

100.4

The fastest **REGULAR SERVICE**
between **LONDON & COLOMBO**



● LONDON

● ROME

● CAIRO

● KARACHI

● BOMBAY

● CEYLON

The fastest way East is via Air Ceylon
With connecting flights to Singapore,
Australia and Hong Kong.
Services by four-engined **SKY-
MASTERS** for passengers and freight.
Captained by pilots with more than
one million miles' flying experience.

BOOK THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
TRANS-PACIFIC PASSENGER AGENCY LIMITED
39 Pantons Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.
Whitehall 2953

Managed and operated by Australian National Airways Pty. Ltd



WE ARE PROUD TO NUMBER AMONG OUR CLIENTS
TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

"Ask the man who has one!"

MIDLAND EMPLOYERS' MUTUAL ASSURANCE LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE:
WATFORD ST.
BIRMINGHAM

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE

Dewar's "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY

Maximum retail prices
33/- per bottle
17/- per half-bottle
As fixed by
The Scotch Whisky Assoc.



Och! the THOUGHT of it!

Earth Moving

Earth moving, known in building circles as muck-shifting, precedes all man's constructional projects. In this and many other fields Muir-Hill Dumpers precede all other vehicles in popularity.

Muir-Hill

THE PIONEERS OF

Dumpers

3, 4½ and 6½ cu. yds.
capacity.

Literature on request.



E. BOYDELL & CO, LTD., 75, ELSDON RD., MANCHESTER 16

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DUMPER BUILDERS

dim ED 199



STANDS UP TO HARD USE

Physically, chemically and electrically Nife batteries are gluttons for work. Physically, because Nife is made principally of steel. Chemically, because the electrolyte is almost inert, the gravity remains constant during charge and discharge, and any gas produced is virtually innocuous. Electrically, because a Nife battery shows instant recovery of voltage even after a complete short circuit. As a result, Nife batteries cost practically nothing to maintain. And as they also take up very little space, and need no separate battery room, it is not surprising that Nife batteries are used throughout the world. (N.B. Nife batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

CUT YOUR COSTS WITH

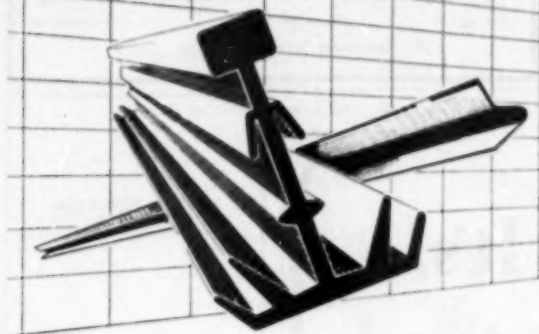
NIFE

STEEL BATTERIES



NIFE BATTERIES · REDDITCH · WORCESTERSHIRE

How to build a wall of glass



You take a cunningly shaped bar of aluminium alloy and a springy, folded strip of the same metal. Insert between them panes of glass. That, in essence, is the way to give any building a wall of glass. Or a window longer than the Queen Mary, and 50 ft. high, as in the Brabazon hangar at Filton.

The only reservations are that the bar must be of a certain alloy and be extruded to a profile patented by Williams & Williams and be named Aluminex. Then, to the imaginative, there are no limits to the possibilities. Architects today regard Aluminex patent glazing as an exciting method of construction.

Why Aluminex? The reasons why the Architect, Eric Ross, F.R.I.B.A., and the Consulting Engineers, Brian Colquhoun & Partners, chose Aluminex for the Brabazon hangar can be seen from this brief comparison:

| REQUIREMENTS | ALUMINEX ADVANTAGES |
|--|---|
| Maximum light for assembling the Brabazon. | Aluminex is slim, light, offers minimum obstruction to light. |
| Must stand up to Atlantic gales. | Aluminex is strong; has tested gale resistance. |
| No corrosion, visible or hidden. | Non-corroding aluminium alloy, no iron to rust where sawn or drilled. |
| Cheap, easy to maintain. | Negligible upkeep costs. No putty to renew, no painting. |
| Assured durability. | Durability proved all over world in last quarter century. |
| Good appearance, clean lines as in Architect's conception. | Any photograph of Aluminex glazing supplies the answer. |

The Aluminex Division of WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS LTD.

RELIANCE WORKS CHESTER

Woodman,
spare
that
tree!



Fencing, in these days of timber shortage, is a big problem for the farmer. Solutions can be found, however. One farmer bought scrap steel tubing from an Air Ministry dump. With the help of a B.O.C. welding process, this tubing was made into gates and fencing for the farm, with excellent results. When it comes to "making-do," fabrication can work wonders. The B.O.C. have lots of advice to give on this subject, if you would care to get in touch with them.

The British Oxygen Co Ltd
London and Branches

Make friends
with
Martell



MARTELL Cognac

THE BRANDY FOR EVERY HOME
THREE STAR

'The Cap Martin of England'

Not even the French Riviera can equal in beauty and charm the magnificent and commanding position of this most famous of all British Hotels outside London. Branksome Tower stands upon its own thickly wooded cliffs overlooking the sea, and the private beach and sea promenade are reached by winding walks through lovely grounds without crossing any road. The cuisine, the cellar and the service are equalled by few hotels in the British Isles, and are widely known and appreciated by knowledgeable travellers all over the world.



From an old stained glass window in the Hotel

4 first-class Hard Tennis Courts with Professional in attendance. Squash Court. 16 acres of beautifully wooded grounds. Garage for 80 cars. Fully licensed. Two hours only from London.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL · BOURNEMOUTH

Telephone: Bournemouth 4000 Telegrams: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth

Patronised by Royalty

An Annuity will offset reductions in income

For a man aged 65 (or woman aged 70) the gross income for life from an annuity would be over 10% of the purchase money

(For residents in some countries payments are exempt from U.K. Tax)

Enquire for details at your age

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

No agents (founded 1762) No commission
19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

Cairn Hydro HOTEL HARROGATE

Warmth and comfort for winter residence are offered by this fine Hotel, now fully licensed. It has a high standard of catering and service, a Billiard Room, Ballroom and Card Lounge, and passenger lift. It is the only Hotel in Harrogate with a private suite of Medical Baths.

Telephone 4005.

Manager: A. A. Lickorish.

TRUST HOUSES LTD

The GRAND TORQUAY

We live by deeds, not words.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Paul, Joint Managers.
Tel.: 2234



Completely yours!

All that you can wish for in the way of cuisine, appointments, service and scenery are yours at the Palace. Add to this dancing, golf, tennis, cinema, squash, swimming, all in the inclusive terms, and the Perfect Holiday becomes a reality.

**PALACE HOTEL
TORQUAY**

TO THOSE ENTITLED UNDER

Wills, Marriage Settlements,

Annulments and Legacies

ADVANCES ARRANGED

Terms 4 per cent. per annum.

GLAZIER & SONS (Estd. 1740)

Proprietors: Glazier & Sons Ltd.

45 MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: MAYFAIR 4145-2118

Telegrams: Landshut, Audley, London



It's
good
living
with

11/6 IN THE HEALTIME
FLAGON
5/9 PER HALF FLAGON

HARVEST BURGUNDY
FROM EMPIRE VINEYARDS

★ **Burgoyne's**

contribution to national health

PURELY PERSONAL

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Some-
one is at Dad's King Six Cigars
(1/7 each).

NO MORE DIRTY HANDS — dermoClean

Trade Mark
Rub "Dermoclean" into the hands before doing
dirty work in Garage, Garden or House. Ordinary
washing then leaves hands clean and smooth.
E. per post, incl. Tax. From all Chemists and
Druggists.

CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD., LIVERPOOL.

used the WORLD over

GOLF BAGS
by CLIFF of
WALSALL

ESTD.
1873

JAMES CLIFF & CO. LTD.
GLOBE WORKS, WALSALL

You'll enjoy it LONG or SHORT

Prunier

B and S COGNAC BRANDY

With plain, soda, or mineral water, how
it refreshes, stimulates, satisfies! Neat it
is ideal for medicinal purposes.

Sold by wine merchants,
stores and bars every-
where. Ask for Prunier
B and S COGNAC
BRANDY by name
and insist on getting it!

JAE. PRUNIER & CO. COGNAC



CAR COMFORT and over 100 miles to the gallon

Here is something new in transportation. Uncannily
silent, clean and comfortable to ride, the "L.E." is car-
like in conception, BUT there's over a
100 miles per gallon.

Write for full P. V. Veloc Ltd., Birmingham 33

WITH THE NEW SILENT





*My female cousin, Mary Ann,
Is now a Free Librarian;
The book in top demand, says she,
Is not in stock, (although it's free).
The public forms a seething scrum
For "Recipes: Jamaica Rum"
Which clearly proves the public does
Enjoy good reading, says my con.*

Send for your free copy of the new booklet on Jamaica Rum. Please write to: 'Jamaica Jo' (Dept. PU4) Breitenmann House, Strand, W.C.2.



**It's wonderful what
Jamaica Rum will do!**

A bottle goes such a very long way!



**SAFE
CABINET**

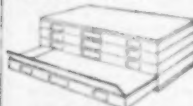


INTERIOR FITTINGS

SHELVES
Safe-Cabinet shelves, 1" Plain or 1" Reinforced.



LOCKERS
Drop-front lockers, fitted with lock, can be inserted in the Safe-Cabinet.



PLAN-DRAWER UNITS

Plan-Drawer sections, one, two, three or more units as required.

Certified Protection

Vital irreplaceable records and documents, the real value of which cannot be insured, can be given certified protection against fire and burglary in the Remington Rand Safe-Cabinet.

Fire causes enormous losses every year. Pre-cast, monolithic construction, reinforced insulation, careful control at every stage of manufacture, and furnace testing of the finished product enable the Safe-Cabinet to be certified for a degree of fire-protection equal to the most severe fire hazards.

Safe-Cabinet doors swing easily on ball-bearing hinges, fold back flush with the safe when open, close with a double set of interlocking tongues. Bolts engage automatically when the door is closed. A drill-proof steel plate protects the locking mechanism against burglary. Ball-bearing castors make the safe easy to move.

★ Write for new illustrated folder

Remington Rand

REMINGTON RAND LIMITED (Dept. 99)
1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Tel. CHAncery 8983

Fit
for
the
goods
Wolsey
socks

Socks with immortal fit and eternal comfort!

Their wool is barred from shrinking by Wolsey's famous Duo-shrunk process. Ask for Wolsey Cardinal socks. Wolsey underwear is Duo-shrunk too.

Wolsey Ltd, Leicester



IN THE SERVICE OF THRIFT FOR A CENTURY

THE

ABBEE NATIONAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

which recently celebrated its hundredth anniversary, is marking the occasion by a relaxation of its investment restrictions. Until further notice existing shareholders may add any sum to their share accounts, provided the total does not exceed £5,000. New shareholders may invest up to £5,000. (Husband and wife are considered as one for this purpose.)

This is a
Safety-First
Investment

CURRENT
2¼%
YIELD

Income tax
borne by the
Society

FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM

Head Office

ABBEE HOUSE, BAKER STREET, LONDON N.W.1



CP-222



He played with a microscope...and millions were reprieved

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO a surgical operation was almost a sentence of death. Blood-poisoning stalked through all the hospitals.

In the eighteen-thirties a boy named Joseph Lister, born in Essex of Quaker stock, began to study minute life through his father's microscope. Entering University College, London, in 1844, Lister was appalled at the mortality rate following surgical operations. He set himself to find a remedy. In 1867, after twenty-three years of experiment and failure, he discovered antiseptic surgery, which since then has saved the lives of countless millions.

What Lister did through perseverance and genius, Britons still can do. All of us can contribute to the nation's recovery. The electricity industry is playing its part, with its enormous efforts to build up our supplies of electrical power. And at the same time new methods of applying this power can give us greater economy and efficiency in our factories and make our lives more comfortable.



Cooking by electricity is clean, easy, economical, efficient. See the handsome new electric cookers at your Electricity Service Centre where you can get advice on electric cooking for the home, and for restaurants and canteens as well. Or write to E.D.A., a Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

£450 FOR YOU AT AGE 65

A YEAR
plus guaranteed bonus

For women the income
would be slightly smaller

OR
£5000 FOR YOU AT AGE 65

IN CASH
plus guaranteed bonus

The choice is yours.

£5000 FOR YOUR FAMILY

plus
annual guaranteed bonus

in the event of your
death before age 65

Premium payments rank for income tax abatement

The above is an example of the kind
of benefits you can secure through a

PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

★ ENQUIRY FORM

1d. Stamp only if
envelope enclosed

PNL 83
(TR.1.50)

To PEARL ASSURANCE Co. Ltd., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
Please supply full particulars of your PENSION ASSURANCE Policy

Name
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address

Date of Birth



Wherever fine cigarettes
are appreciated
Smokers choose



The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

MARMITE

for better cooking
EVERY day



WOMEN who know Marmite find themselves turning to it day after day, for sandwiches, soups, stews and all savoury dishes. There's so much you can do with Marmite—and MARMITE DOES SO MUCH FOR GOOD COOKING.

Sold in Jars: 1 oz. 8d. • 2 oz. 1/3 • 4 oz. 2/6 • 8 oz. 3/6 • 16 oz. 5/9

From SUNRISE to SUNSET



Everyday
is an
OXO
DAY



for the beefy, family drink

THE

"Quality First"

Morris
establishes a new
class in motoring

Morris Minor Saloon 4200
(plus £83.16.1 purchase tax).
Priority must be given to
export or private.



The "Quality First" **MORRIS**



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD.
Export Dealers: Huddell Roberts Ltd., Oxford & 41, Fleetville, London, W.1.
C.758.



HOW ARE YOU FEELING THESE DAYS?

There's a link between vitality—and vitamins. If you are not getting enough vitamins, your energy and general tone will suffer.

STRONGER! *The vitamin content of Crookes Halibut Oil capsules has now been increased, although the price remains unchanged. Capsules, 25 for 2/6, 100 for 8/6.*



**TAKE CROOKES
HALIBUT OIL**

C61